

XUM

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8, NEW BURLINGTON-STREET, Sept. 18, 1847.

MR. BENTLEY

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The Life of
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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1847.

REVIEWS

The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley. By Thomas Medwin. 2 vols. Newby.

We are not in any way satisfied with this book. It is neither carefully written nor carefully printed. It abounds in mistakes of all kinds—arising not from incapacity or ignorance, but from inadvertence and haste. Capt. Medwin had here a great argument—and he has treated it in the style of a trivial. With means such as he possessed, he should have done justice to himself and to his subject. Of a poet like Shelley the public is entitled to something better than a sketchy outline. Thought and industry should have been bestowed on his life and profound criticism on his writings. Capt. Medwin gives neither; but merely such odd ends of memories and reflections as may rise to the surface of his mind during the act of composition.

Capt. Medwin was a distant relation of Shelley's family,—and his schoolfellow at Sion House. To this place Sir Timothy Shelley sent the future poet when ten years of age; and here he first had the experience of suffering and wrong which early induced him to take those negative views of society and established opinions that afterwards brought him into disrepute. All the boys at this academy were the victims of a niggard economy—and Shelley, from his peculiarities and shyness, was, in addition, the special martyr of the young tyrants themselves. His Latin instructor treated him ill; and the whole place was out of harmony with the lad's previous feelings.—

"Exchanging for the caresses of his sisters an association with boys, mostly the sons of London shopkeepers, of rude habits and coarse manners, who made game of his girlishness, and despised him because he was not 'one of them'; not disposed to enter into their sports, to wrangle, or fight; confined between four stone walls, in a playground of very limited dimensions—a few hundred yards,—(with a single tree in it, and that the Bell tree, so called from its having suspended in its branches the odious bell whose din, when I think of it, yet jars my ears,) instead of breathing the pure air of his native fields, and rambling about the plantations and flower gardens of his father's country seat—the sufferings he underwent at his first outset in this little world were most acute."

Shelley thought of his mother and his sisters more than of his books, and indulged in reveries which marked him for a *solitaire*. But, under this self-discipline, mind and intelligence were receiving gradual development.—

"Half-year after half-year passed away, and in spite of his seeming neglect of his tasks, he soon surpassed all his competitors, for his memory was so tenacious that he never forgot a word once turned up in his dictionary. He was very fond of reading, and greedily devoured all the books which were brought to school after the holidays; these were mostly blue books. Who does not know what blue books mean? but if there should be any one ignorant enough not to know what these dear darling volumes, so designated from their covers, contain, be it known, that they are or were to be bought for sixpence, and embodied stories of haunted castles, bandits, murderers, and other grim personages—a most exciting and interesting sort of food for boys' minds; among those of a larger calibre was one which I have never seen since, but which I still remember with a *recoché* delight. It was 'Peter Wilkins.' How much Shelley wished for a winged wife and little winged cherubs of children! But this stock was very soon exhausted. As there was no school library, we soon resorted, 'under the rose,' to a low circulating one in the town (Brentford), and here the treasures at first seemed inexhaustible. Novels at this time, (I speak of 1803) in three goodly volumes, such as we owe to the great Wizard of the North, were unknown. Richardson,

Fielding, and Smollett, formed the staple of the collection. But these authors were little to Shelley's taste. Anne Ratcliffe's works pleased him most, particularly the Italian, but the Rosa-Matilda school, especially a strange, wild romance, entitled 'Zofloya, or the Moor,' a Monk-Lewis production, where his Satanic Majesty, as in Faust, plays the chief part, enraptured him."

Such reading produced its fruits. Shelley became a somnambulist and an author. He wrote two novels—'Zastrozzi;' and 'St. Irvyne, or, the Rosicrucian.' Ere long, his mind owned a new influence. Walker's Orrery, exhibited to the school, suggested to him a world of speculations. With the solar microscope, which formed part of the exhibition, he became enchanted—and made it ever after his constant companion.

On exchanging Sion House for Eton, Shelley was a sufferer from the system of fagging. This deplorable tale has been told by both Mrs. Shelley and Mr. Hogg, the poet's fellow collegian—but Capt. Medwin contradicts the report that Shelley headed a conspiracy against the custom. Here his desire to pursue some chemical studies was thwarted.—

"Shelley," says his biographer, "had sent for some book on chemistry, which happened to be in my father's library, but which fell into the hands of his tutor and was sent back. Sir Timothy Shelley says—'I have returned the book on chemistry, as it is a forbidden thing at Eton!' Might not this extraordinary prohibition have the more stimulated Shelley to engage in the pursuit?"

From Eton, Shelley returned to the paternal estate, Field Place, in Sussex,—which was the place of his birth on the 4th of August, 1792. Here he and his biographer became again associated; and wrote in conjunction the poem of 'The Wandering Jew,'—a part of which was published in *Fraser's Magazine*, in 1831. Capt. Medwin writes of that poem, on this and on a former occasion, as if it had been inserted in that periodical in the state in which it was left by its authors. It is to be presumed that he can never have compared the printed verses with the MS. copy. If ever he should do so, he will discover that the poem is printed in an abridged form,—certain superfluous stanzas being omitted and the connexions supplied by another hand. We mention this in order that should it ever be thought desirable to include this poem among Shelley's works, it may be reprinted from the original MS. and not from the published specimen. To this subject Shelley had been excited by Schubart's celebrated poem on Ahasuerus; and his mind had been further directed towards 'the wild and wonderful' by the perusal of Southey's 'Thalaba'—in which he took so much delight as almost to know it by rote—and of Bürger's 'Leonora.' Love, too, assisted in the poet's development. In 1809, he became acquainted with Harriet Grove, his cousin.—

"Living in distant counties, they then met for the first time, since they had been children, at Field-place, where she was on a visit. She was born, I think, in the same year with himself.

She was like him in lineaments—her eyes,
Her hair, her features, they said were like to his,
But softened all and tempered into beauty.

After so long an interval, I still remember Miss Grove, and when I call to mind all the women I have ever seen, I know of none that surpassed, or that could compete with her. She was like one of Shakespeare's women—like some Madonna of Raphael. Shelley, in a fragment written many years after, seems to have had her in his mind's eye, when he writes:

They were two cousins, almost like to twins,
Except that from the catalogue of sins
Nature had razed their love, which could not be,
But in discovering their nativity;
And so they grew together like two flowers
Upon one stem, which the same beams and showers
Lull or awaken in the purple prime.

Young as they were, it is not likely that they had entered into a formal engagement with each other, or that their parents looked upon their attachment, if it were mentioned, as any other than an intimacy natural to such near relations, or the mere fancy of a moment; and after they parted, though they corresponded regularly, there was nothing in the circumstance that called for observation. Shelley's love, however, had taken deep root, as proved by the dedication to Queen Mab, written in the following year."

Some of the chapters in 'Zastrozzi' were written by this lady;—which novel, as also the 'St. Irvyne,' shows that Shelley's mind at this period was in bondage to the Terrible in art. About the same time our poet corresponded with Mrs. Hemans, then Felicia Browne.

On Shelley's life at Oxford and his share in the production of the 'Posthumous Works of Peg Nicholson' we need not speak—his fellow collegian, Mr. Hogg, having already made the public acquainted with the facts. Capt. Medwin reprints that gentleman's account *verbatim*. We are here told again of Shelley's chemical studies: to which were soon added his metaphysical meditations.—Locke, Hume, and some French authors being his guides, and afterwards Plato. He began to think—and, therefore, like Descartes, to doubt. Scientific scepticism is at the threshold of philosophic knowledge. From Plato he learned finally to believe; and the first article of his creed was the doctrine of pre-existence. Of its truth he deemed that he had personal experience—which he has thus recorded:—

"'I have beheld scenes, with the intimate and unaccountable connection of which with the obscure parts of my own nature, I have been irresistibly impressed. I have beheld a scene that has produced no unusual effect on my thoughts. After a lapse of many years I have dreamed of this scene. It has hung on my memory, it has haunted my thoughts at intervals with the pertinacity of an object connected with human affections. I have visited this scene again. Neither the dream could be dissociated from the landscape, nor the landscape from the dream, nor feelings such as neither singly could have awakened from both. But the most remarkable event of this nature which ever occurred to me, happened at Oxford. I was walking with a friend in the neighbourhood of that city, engaged in earnest and interesting conversation; we suddenly turned a corner of a lane, and the view, which its high banks and hedges had concealed, presented itself. The view consisted of a windmill, standing in one among many pleasing meadows, inclosed with stone walls. The irregular and broken ground between the wall and the road in which we stood, a long low hill behind the windmill, and a grey covering of uniform cloud spread over the evening sky. It was that season when the last leaf had just fallen from the scant and stunted ash. The scene surely was a common one, the season and the hour little calculated to kindle lawless thought. It was a tame and uninteresting assemblage of objects, such as would drive the imagination for refuge in serious and sober talk to the evening fireside and the desert of winter fruits and wine. The effect which it produced on me was not such as could be expected. I suddenly remembered to have seen the exact scene in some dream of long.—Here I was obliged to leave off, overcome with thrilling horror.' Mrs. Shelley appends to this passage the following remark: 'This fragment was written in 1815. I remember well his coming to me from writing it, pale and agitated, to seek refuge in conversation from the fearful emotions it excited.' 'No man,' she adds, 'had such keen sensations as Shelley. His nervous temperament was wound up by the delicacy of his health to an intense degree of sensibility; and while his active mind pondered for ever upon, and drew conclusions from his sensations, his reveries increased their vivacity, till they mingled with and were one with thought, and both became absorbing and tumultuous, even to physical pain.'"

To the above account, Capt. Medwin adds the following speculation of his own:—

"Balzac relates of Louis Lambert a similar phe-

nomenon to the above:—“Whilst at school at Blois, during a holiday, we were allowed to go to the chateau of Rochambeau. As soon as we reached the hill, whence we could behold the chateau, and the tortuous valley where the river wound through meadows of graceful slope,—one of those admirable landscapes on which the lively sensations of boyhood or those of love have impressed such a charm that we can never venture to look on them a second time,—Louis Lambert said to me, ‘I have seen all this last night in a dream.’ He recognized the grove of trees under which we were, and the disposition of the foliage, the colour of the water, the turrets of the chateau, the lights and shades, the distances, in fine all the details of the spot which we had then perceived for the first time.’ After some interesting conversation, which would occupy too much space here, Balzac makes Louis Lambert say, ‘If the landscape did not come to me, which it is absurd to think, then must I have come to it. If I were here whilst I slept, does not this fact constitute a complete separation between my body and inward being? Does it not form a locomotive faculty in the soul, or effects that are equivalent to locomotive? Thus, if the disunion of our two natures could take place during sleep, why could they not equally discover themselves when awake?’ ‘Is there not an entire science in this phenomenon?’ added he, striking his forehead. ‘If it be not the principle of a science, it certainly betrays a singular faculty in man.’”

It was in conjunction with Mr. Hogg that Shelley committed the indiscretion of composing his little book entitled ‘The Necessity of Atheism,’—which occasioned the expulsion of both from the University. Subsequently, we find him at London in the Temple Chambers with Capt. Medwin,—indulging in a dreamy mood and systematizing his dreams; indeed, encouraging the habit by keeping a journal of them, and thus bringing back his former state of somnambulism.—

“As an instance of this” [says Capt. Medwin] “being in Leicester Square one morning at five o’clock, I was attracted by a group of boys collected round a well-dressed person lying near the rails. On coming up to them, my curiosity being excited, I descried Shelley, who had unconsciously spent a part of the night *sub dio*. He could give me no account how he got there. * * * Rankling with the sense of wrong, and hardened by persecution, and the belief that the logic of his Sylabus had been unsuspected because it could not be shaken, he applied himself more closely than ever to that sceptical philosophy, which he had begun to discard for Plato, and would, but for his expulsion, have soon entirely abandoned. He reverted to his ‘Queen Mab,’ commenced a year and half before, and converted what was a mere imaginative poem into a systematic attack on the institutions of society. He not only corrected the versification with great care, but more than doubled its length, and appended to the text the Notes, which were at that time scarcely, if at all, begun. The intolerance of the members of a religion, which should be that of love and charity and long-suffering, in his own case, made him throw the odium on the creed itself; and he argues that it is ever a proof that the falsehood of a proposition is felt by those who use coercion, not reasoning, to produce its admission, and adds, that a dispassionate observer would feel himself more powerfully interested in favour of a man, who depending on the truth of his opinions, simply stated his reasons for entertaining them, than that of his aggressor, who, daringly avowing his unwillingness or incapacity to answer them by argument, proceeded to repress the energies and break the spirit of their promulgator.”

We pass by here, and elsewhere, Captain Medwin’s own reflections on scepticism and belief—on Voltaire, Spinoza, Volney, Godwin, and the French encyclopædists—and should have done so had they been as profound as they are shallow. Shelley’s expulsion from college had rudely severed all domestic ties;—his father cast him on the world.—

“Further communication with Miss Grove was prohibited; and he had the heartrending agony of soon knowing that she was lost to him for ever.

Byron’s whole life is said to have received its bias from love—from his blighted affection for Miss Chaworth. There was a similarity in the fates of the two poets, but the effects were different: Byron sought for refuge in dissipation, and gave vent to his feelings in satire. He looked upon the world as his enemy, and visited what he deemed the wrong of one on his species at large. Shelley, on the contrary, with the goodness of a noble mind, sought by a more enlarged philosophy to dull the edge of his own miseries, and in the sympathy of a generous and amiable nature for the sufferings of his kind, to find relief and solace for a disappointment which in Byron had only led to wilful exaggeration of its own despair. Shelley, on this trying occasion, had the courage to live, in order that he might labour for one great object, the advancement of the human race and the amelioration of society, and strengthened himself in a resolution to devote his energies to this ultimate end, being prepared to endure every obloquy, to make any sacrifice for its accomplishment; and would, if necessary, have died for the cause. He had the ambition, thus early manifested, of becoming a reformer; for one Sunday, after we had been in Rowland Hill’s Chapel, and were dining together in the city, he wrote to him under an assumed name, proposing to preach to his congregation. Of course he received no answer. Had he applied to Carlisle or Owen, perhaps the reply would have been affirmative. But he had perhaps scarcely heard of their names or doctrines, even if they had commenced their career. It is possible that Shelley wrongly classified that excellent and worthy man, Rowland Hill, who had renounced the advantages of birth and position for the good of his species, with the ranting Methodists or violent demagogues of the time; in all probability he had never even heard of him before that day, when he stood amid the crowd that overflowed the chapel through the open door. It was at best a foolish and inconsiderate act—and can only be excused from his total ignorance of the character of Rowland Hill, and the nature of his preaching. That Shelley’s disappointment in love affected him acutely may be seen by some lines inscribed erroneously ‘On F. G.’ instead of ‘H. G.’ and doubtless of a much earlier date than assigned by Mrs. Shelley to the fragment.—

Her voice did quiver as we parted,
Yet knew I not that heart was broken
From which it came,—and I departed,
Heeding not the words then spoken—
Misery! O misery!
This world is all too wide for thee!”

Shelley’s next step was to make misery for himself in an ill-assorted marriage:—

“Shelley’s residence with his family was become, for the reasons I have stated, so irksome to him, that he soon took refuge in London, from

His cold fireside and alienated home.

I have found a clue to develop the mystery of how he became acquainted with Miss Westbrook. The father, who was in easy circumstances, kept an hotel in London, and sent his daughter to a school at Balham Hill, where Shelley’s second sister made one of the boarders. It so happened, that as Shelley was walking in the garden of this seminary, Miss Westbrook passed them. She was a handsome blonde, not then sixteen. Shelley was so struck with her beauty, that after his habit of writing, as in the case of Felicia Browne and others, to ladies who interested him, he contrived, through the intermediation of his sister, to carry on a correspondence with her. The intimacy was not long in ripening. The young lady was nothing loth to be wooed, and after a period of only a few weeks, it was by a sort of knight-errantry that Shelley carried her off from Chapel-street, Grosvenor-square, where she sorely complained of being subject to great oppression from her sister and father. Whether this was well or ill-founded, is little to the purpose to inquire. Probably Shelley and Miss Harriett Westbrook—there might have been some magic in the name of Harriett—had not met half a dozen times at all before the elopement; they were totally unacquainted with each other’s dispositions, habits, or pursuits; and took a rash step, that none but a mere boy and girl would have taken. Well might it be termed an ill-judged and ill-assorted union,—bitter were destined to be its fruits. All the circumstances relative to the progress of this affair, he kept a profound secret, nor in any way alluded to it in any correspondence, nor was it even guessed at by Dr.

Grove, in whose house he was lodging; nor on parting with Shelley at Horsham, the day before his departure, when he borrowed some money of my father, did he throw out a hint on the subject. Authors make the strangest matches. It was at the end of August, 1811, that the youthful pair set out to Gretton Green, where they were united after the formula, which, as we have lately had so circumstantial an account of the ceremony, I shall not repeat, though he many years after detailed it to me, with other particulars not therein included. From thence the ‘new-married couple’ betook themselves to Edinburgh. Their stay in that city was short; for by a letter dated Cuckfield, the residence of an uncle, of the 21st Oct. 1811, he says:—“In the course of three weeks or a month, I shall take the precaution of being re-married.” In fact, he did execute that intention. This uncle, the gallant Captain Pilfold, whose name is well known in his country’s naval annals (for he was in the battle of the Nile, and he commanded a frigate at that of Trafalgar, and was the friend of Nelson) supplied the place of a father to Shelley, receiving him at his house when abandoned and cast off by Sir Timothy, who, if irritated at Shelley’s expulsion from Oxford, was rendered furious by the *mésalliance*, and cut off his allowance altogether.”

We are indebted to Captain Medwin for putting at length this affair of Shelley’s first marriage in its true light. We content ourselves with briefly stating the facts—which, though fateful, are few. Supplied with money and advice by Captain Pilfold, Shelley retired to Cumberland, and rented a cottage at thirty shillings a-week. Here, however, soon finding himself without means, he consented to borrow of his wife’s father a small sum, and sought to raise money at seven per cent. on his own expectancies. He stood, indeed, in daily danger of wanting the necessities of subsistence. At this place, he made the acquaintance of Mr. Southey; from whom he obtained a copy of ‘Berkley’ in which were some pencil notes by Charles Lloyd. One of these notes particularly struck the seething mind of the young poet. It was this: “Mind cannot create—it can only perceive.” Here, too, Shelley might have made the acquaintance of De Quincey, Wordsworth, Ellery and Professor Wilson—but for his sudden departure for Ireland. In Dublin he seems to have engaged in the social troubles of the time and place,—besides projecting some literary tasks which were never fulfilled. He was compelled next to take refuge in the Isle of Man; whence, after awhile, he departed for Wales, and settled in a cottage in Caernarvonshire. Here the following adventure, according to his own account, befel him:—

“At midnight, sitting alone in his study on the ground floor, he heard a noise at the window, saw one of the shutters gradually unclosed, and a hand advanced into the room armed with a pistol. The muzzle was directed towards him, the aim taken, the weapon cocked, and the trigger drawn. The trigger missed fire. Shelley, with that personal courage which particularly distinguished him, rushed out in order to discover and seize the assassin. As he was in the act of passing through the outer door, at the entrance of an avenue leading into the garden, he found himself face to face with the ruffian, whose pistol missed fire a second time. This opponent he described as a short, stout, powerful man. Shelley, though slightly built, was tall, and though incapable of supporting much fatigue, and seeming evidently weak, had the faculty in certain moments of evoking extraordinary powers, and concentrating all his energies to a given point. This singular phenomenon, which has been noticed in others, he displayed on this occasion; and it made the aggressor and Shelley no unequal match. It was a contest between mind and matter—between intellectual and brute force. After long and painful wrestling, the victory was fast declaring itself for moral courage, which his antagonistic perceiving, extricated himself from his grasp, darted into the grounds, and disappeared among the shrubbery. Shelley made a deposition the next day before the magistrate, Mr. Maddocks, of these facts. An

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attempt to murder caused a great sensation in that part of the principality, where not even a robbery had taken place for several years. No solution could be found for the enigma; and the opinion generally was that the whole was a nightmare—a horrid dream, the effect of an overheated imagination. The savage wilfulness of the scenery—the entire isolation of the place—the profound metaphysical speculations in which Shelley was absorbed—the want of sound and wholesome reading, and the ungeniality of his companions (for he had one besides his wife, a spinster of a certain age for a humble companion to her)—all combined to foster his natural bent for the visionary, and confirm Mr. Maddocks's idea, that the events of that horrible night were a delusion."

This kind of life was not likely to suit a newly married couple. We find him next at Cooke's Hotel, Dover Street—where a daughter was born. By this time, the poet and his wife had discovered that, whether by disposition or circumstance, they were unfitted for each other:—and hereupon Captain Medwin ventures into a long discussion about the English law of marriage and divorce, and the incompatibility of literature and matrimony, into which it is, of course, not our cue to follow him. We content ourselves with stating that by mutual consent a separation ensued. Three years afterwards, this unfortunate lady committed suicide by drowning herself in a pond near her solitary abode. In his former statements, Captain Medwin has censured Shelley's conduct in this affair,—but in the present he acquits him of blame. On their separation, Shelley, he says, delivered back the lady into the hands of her father and eldest sister, promising to reclaim and support the children when he should come into possession of the means. Thus confided, Shelley's responsibility, in the opinion of his biographer, was over. Shelley himself, nevertheless, suffered so much compunction from the calamity that he was for a time deranged. Such an event would naturally produce prostration in a mind morbidly sensitive. Of the poet's attempt afterwards to obtain possession of his children, a girl and boy, in order to regulate their education,—of the suit in Chancery consequently instituted by Mr. Westbrook,—and of Lord Eldon's decision, by which the father was deprived of his natural rights on the ground of his peculiar opinions—our readers already know enough.—In a future number we shall have to deal with the brighter side of the picture, and the more poetical aspects of the subject.

The Construction and Government of Lunatic Asylums and Hospitals for the Insane. By John Conolly, M.D. Churchill.

Dr. Conolly is well known as a judicious writer on insanity and the able Superintendent of the Lunatic Asylum at Hanwell; and nothing that we could say would be an additional recommendation of his writings and opinions to respect. It is only within a very recent period that anything like a system of humane treatment of insanity was thought necessary in this country; and no more horrible page of our history could be revealed than that of our public and private lunatic asylums. Bad as things are even at present in many of the latter, there has been a great improvement in the former. The superiority of public over private institutions of the kind ought to be generally known; and no time should be lost in delivering thousands of suffering human beings from their present thralldom. Dr. Conolly states that there are at present in England and Wales 17,000 pauper lunatics,—and that only 4,500 are provided for in public asylums. Above 12,000 insane poor, therefore, are either placed in private institutions or in lunatic wards attached to workhouses. On this subject Dr. Conolly says:—

"In preferring either private licensed houses, or small asylums, or lunatic wards attached to workhouses, to asylums especially adapted to the insane, the state of those to be provided for is entirely disregarded, and the actual condition of pauper lunatics, both in workhouses and in private licensed houses, is entirely overlooked. The insane poor are of necessity exposed in both such places to innumerable disadvantages, only to be avoided in larger public asylums. Their diet, their clothing, their lodging, are all generally of the most wretched description; the means of occupation are very limited; space for exercise is wanting; means of recreation and amusement are unthought of or unknown; and security is only effected by confining the limbs of the violent or troublesome, or by buildings so contrived as almost to shut out light and air, and utterly to exclude cheerfulness. All these circumstances are manifestly unfavourable to the recovery, or even to the amendment, of those thus confined; and, whilst there is not any foundation for the assertion, that the number of cures, in curable or recent cases, is greater in private licensed houses for paupers than in public asylums, the mortality in such licensed houses has been shown far to exceed that of the public institutions. Of the recent cases sent into public asylums, if not epileptic or affected with paralysis, about fifty per cent. recover: this appears to be the real average of recoveries in all public asylums, calculating the recoveries on the average daily number of patients in them; and it probably represents the actual curability of insanity, exclusive of relapses. But at present the public or county asylums are nearly filled with old and incurable cases; the patients having been first sent, in the recent and curable state of their malady, to the private licensed houses, or detained in workhouses, and only transferred to the county asylums when they became unmanageable or were considered to be incurable. As regards the question of expense, also, it appears that when once a county asylum is built and opened, the patients are maintained in it at less cost than in private licensed houses; the average charge per week in the licensed houses being 8s. 11½d.; and the average cost in county asylums 7s. 6½d.; constituting a saving to the parishes of nearly 1s. 6d. per week for each patient; which, in an asylum for 300 patients, would constitute a considerable annual saving to the rate-payers of the county. How much better the pauper lunatic is taken care of in any well-conducted county asylum is easily to be ascertained by inspection."

To all who are interested in the conduct of lunatic asylums or the welfare of the insane Dr. Conolly's work will be found of great value.

Dramatic Works of Don José Zorrilla—[Obras Dramáticas, &c.]. Paris, Baudry.

OUR late survey of the poems of this author did not, to say the truth, leave us with a very keen appetite for the instant examination of his writings for the stage. Of the qualities discovered on that occasion, some were precisely those which it is the hardest to reconcile with the idea of a dramatic genius. There were other reasons to moderate expectation. A mere glance at the quantity of compositions given by Zorrilla to the press within a period of less than ten years would of itself suggest a doubt that what must have been written so fast could not all be written well.

Something on this head might indeed be fairly allowed, on the evidence of earlier times, for the amazing fertility of the national genius. The two greatest dramatists of Spain astonish the readers of all other countries not more by the various grace and ingenuity displayed in single pieces than by the amazing number of their works,—none of them devoid of a certain merit, and the far greater part abounding in the rarest poetical beauties. Lope de Vega, *el fenix de España!* the wonder of his own day, is still a miracle to modern eyes. With every deduction for flat and prosaic passages, for self-repetitions, for the poetical commonplaces that occur in his almost countless works, there still remains—in quantity abundant enough to con-

found all theories concerning the powers and limits of invention,—a mass of composition, in which the brightest fancies and stories of the most curious intricacy are embodied in language at once graceful, correct, and melodious:—an almost infinite series of happy conceptions, to have produced a few only of which would have been a title to the highest poetical honours,—while to have given birth to them in such unbounded quantity implies a plenitude and untiring vigour of the creative faculties passing the common bounds of human nature. Age had no power to chill the fire of this extraordinary genius: as long as Lope continued to write, the flow of his fancy and the animation of his manner were never sensibly impaired. The *'Bizarrias de Belisa,'* one of his latest, written long after the poet had passed the grand climacteric, is justly placed by critics among his liveliest and most original comedies. At the side of such a prodigy as Lope de Vega, his great successor, Calderon, although in some respects of a far higher stature, looks comparatively insignificant in volume. Yet, contrasted with most other writers,—with any, indeed, of his own superior rank—he, too, would appear a marvel of fertility:—and the artful structure, rich poetic dress, and high finish of his numerous dramas make this productiveness seem almost incredible. Although no complete series of his pieces—any more than of Lope's—is known to exist, there have been collected considerably more than one hundred of his regular comedies, of consummate polish and various merit;—to which must be added a nearly equal number of *autos*, and other minor sacred compositions for the stage. We shall not cite lesser instances, or dwell upon the hundred comedies of Montalvan, &c.:—for what are all to the thousand and more dramas of the Spanish Phoenix, whose other miscellaneous writings alone, consisting of long poems, sonnets, occasional pieces, serious and humorous, novels and pastoral romances in prose, fill twenty-one quarto volumes in the Madrid edition of his *Obras Sueltas?*

It would appear that the gift of abundance must be in some degree a property of the soil and climate that could produce two such authors in rapid succession:—and from these and other eminent, though less surprising, instances of prolific genius, especially in the dramatic form, it may be allowed that the presumption against a Spanish author on the ground of extreme copiousness alone is not so strong as it might be in the case of a poet in any other country. As far as Zorrilla is concerned, we may confess that after such an examination as we have been able to make of his writings for the stage, we should not venture to express the opinion that they have lost anything by being produced in haste. Between those which are known to have been completed in the shortest time possible, and others that seem to be the offspring of the author's best care, the difference in merits of structure and style is not striking enough to speak very positively in favour of his deliberate labours. Nor can we perceive visible marks of progress, in any essential respect, from the earlier to the latest of these performances.

The style in these dramas, with some considerable exceptions, where the dialogue suddenly changes from metre to prose, or where a shorter piece or passage is given in blank verse, is that of the older Spanish comedy:—i. e. they are written in *redondillas*, varying from merely asonant to more exactly rhymed intervals; and here and there, as in the preceding models, are enriched with stanzas of greater length and artifice. Some attempt, too, appears to have been made to assume the national manner, of trusting the chief interest to intricacy of plot, by the aid of disguises, concealments, and other contrivances

designed to produce an unexpected effect. But neither is this ever completely pursued as the main object of the play, nor, had the author been constant in his reliance on it, does he seem to possess in any high degree the art, peculiarly required for such a purpose, of dexterously managing his surprises and entanglements, so as to keep suspense alive to the latest moment, and then unravel the plot by a sudden touch of skill. On the contrary, in his dramas more particularly depending on this kind of interest, the conclusion is commonly less satisfactory than the opening of the intrigue; the excitement begins to flag as the story proceeds, and is apt to fall dead before the close. In this respect Zorrilla does not wear the national costume with the ease of a native; and in most others, we must say, he treads with but faltering and awkward steps in the traces of Lope, Calderon, or Rojas, while professing to follow them as his guides and masters.

One cause of his failure is visible enough. Whether from want of judgment or from the bias insensibly given by foreign influences, Zorrilla has, in many essentials, departed from the true poetical character of his model. Whatever may be the critical estimate of the beauties and faults of the Spanish popular drama, its thoroughly individual tone cannot be mistaken. Springing from the very heart of the nation, it has all that rich and peculiar colouring, the genuine *race* of the soil, which belongs to such a cordial growth. It was the delight of the people, while the glory of their strength lasted; it triumphantly resisted every attempt to subdue it to the laws of foreign art,—and laughed the *estilo culto*, the classical and Italian models, off the stage. It is, like all true births of the spirit of poetry, complete and harmonious throughout, requiring no addition and enduring no strange element. Like the fountain which we read of in an old tradition, it casts forth at once whatever dead thing may be thrown into its living waters. That Zorrilla, Spaniard as he is—vowed, as his confession of faith announces him to be, to the worship of the national muse—and ambitious, as we see, of adopting its forms, if not its spirit,—that he should have so little felt its true character as to think of improving upon it by foreign admixtures, is perhaps the strongest proof that could be given of the deadness with which a century of alien influences has struck the genius of Spain. His pieces externally wear the old costume of his country,—but its spirit is not there.

The lighter ones are anything but comedies *de capa y espada*,—the graver, no *comedias heroicas*. They are, at best, a dubious eclectic kind of compositions, in which melo-dramatic veins, of the French “romantic” sort, wander with a certain painful effect through the broken outlines of a more genial drama. He has banished all the native gaiety from his stage:—no humorous *gracioso*, or sparkling, petulant *criada* is allowed to appear, as of old, sporting amidst the more stately and passionate figures of the main intrigue. The prevailing motives which gave it a peculiar air and life are neither wholly cast out nor heartily employed. The Spaniard of Zorrilla’s plays is half an alien, both in spirit and in action. Of the especial prejudices, punctilios, virtues, and failings that so powerfully stamped his character on the national stage, mere fragments alone are preserved:—he retains little of any of them, indeed, but a certain tone of vociferous extravagance and exaggeration, which merely wearies or offends, from its no longer appearing at the call of those vehement emotions, fantastic gallantries, and passionate niceties of honour, which give a certain aid of poetical reality to the strangest excesses of the old Spanish comedy. It is sin-

gular, indeed, that Zorrilla should have put it in the power of any one familiar with these originals, to reproach him with having mistaken the traditional character of his own countrymen:—with robbing the Spanish cavalier, of the times which he has meant to pourtray, of some of his most striking properties:—with forgetting principles which then were universal, and introducing others at that time unknown,—nay, even with inserting traits and incidents forbidden by all domestic usages, and abhorrent from the manners of the Castilians in that day. Of this, one glaring example will suffice. He has ventured to display *excess* in *drinking* as an amiable vice in more than one of his young libertines,—and allows them to take part in *orgies*—*à la jeune France*—as if this had ever been regarded a venial or even possible offence in the *Caballero* of any former day while Spain was still herself!

Nor does his observance of the merely outward modes of this comedy show much respect for the originals he professes to follow—or, perhaps, to speak more correctly, much sympathy, in the audiences he has had to please, with patriotic attempts to restore it. To those who have heard how largely the Spanish theatres have been accustomed to depend, either on mere translations from the plays most in vogue in Paris, or on so-called original pieces wholly composed on the French pattern, it would not seem very strange that even sincere attempts to bring the true national drama into competition with this foreign school should betray the influence of the more fashionable taste. Of Zorrilla’s pieces, at all events, but the smaller number are cast in the only authentic Spanish form of three *jornadas*, or stages—a form which some critics, by-the-by, have given plausible reasons for asserting to be the most natural arrangement for any acting play. We have in this collection nearly as many varieties of size and division as may be found in the repertory of the Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin. It opens with a “*dramatic caprice*” (French all over, except in the metre only) in two acts. There is a drama in three, with “an introductory *tableau*,” bearing the truly melo-dramatic title ‘*Cain the Pirate*.’ ‘*El Zapatero y el Rey*’ exhibits scenes from the story of Pedro the Cruel—in two divisions of four acts each. The well-known tale of *Don Juan*—in which Zorrilla has ventured to give an entirely new turn to the hero’s excesses, and to rescue him from perdition at the close by the most wonderful means—is embodied in seven acts of a “*drama religioso-fantastico*,” fantastically enough: although, such is the vitality of the old tradition, that, maltreated as it here is, the piece has a stronger dramatic interest from beginning to end than any other in the volume. Then we have various performances in one act; some in blank verse; others in which the author suddenly breaks out of the tripping metre into a very inflated sort of prose, and as suddenly returns to his former carolling style: of this a notable specimen is in ‘*Los Dos Vireyes*’; in which, by means of a device inconceivably absurd, the poet has at least attained one advantage, wanting to the most of his dramas, of bringing in a moment of lively dramatic excitement and suspense at the close. In general, the curiosity of the reader is pretty well over before the end of the second act; and too often we have felt strong propensities to yawn early in the first. To complete the list of irregularities—noticeable in a professed reviver of the national school, as showing how little its indispensable rules have been thought of,—there is, in five acts, the ‘*Alcalde Ronquillo*,’ giving a new turn to the tradition which asserts that Philip the Second’s officer of that name was bodily carried away by the devil:—a drama in which not a single female personage appears on

the stage!—although evident pains have been taken to rival the old comedies in the intricacy of the *embroglio*; as if such a long labyrinth could be permitted by any rule—to say nothing of your right Spanish—without a lady to enliven its mazes! Besides these irregularly built plays, there are five or six of the standard pattern: of which only a few have what may be termed original, as distinguished from traditional or historical, themes: which latter have furnished the subjects of most of Zorrilla’s dramas. Some general characteristics of all have already been noticed:—to enter upon a detailed account of their several features would be impossible. We must be content with adding, that in the laying of his plots, Zorrilla appears to us altogether unskilful, and sometimes even puerile: his explanations require a simplicity of faith beyond what the most credulous audience may be presumed to possess; and certainly would not have passed current in those golden days of Philip the Fourth, when the severest critics of the plot, and the quickest followers of its various windings, were the common people of Madrid. From a writer who can contentedly take a series of inconsistent circumstances for the skeleton of his play, much dramatic life in the characters or motives will not be expected. Nor would this want be a serious charge against Zorrilla, had he thoroughly betaken himself to the national style. In this, it is scarcely needful to observe, the incidents and situations were expected to furnish the interest of the scene. The principal figures had this in common with the masks of the Italian popular comedy, that each was virtually the representative of a certain class, and was not required to be distinguished by any very marked personal characteristics. The *galanes* and the *damas*, an *anciano padre*, and the intriguing servants, were each understood to possess the usual standard attributes, and to be actuated by the notions and tempers prevailing in their several classes and conditions. In the variety and unexpectedness of the movements of these familiar figures the charm of a new play was sought; not in any speaking exhibition of new characters. Now and then the genius of the poet would not be confined to this species of entertainment; and both Lope and Calderon frequently delight us with vivid traits of individual character,—little appreciated, we apprehend, by their audiences,—which to the modern readers, however, are amongst their highest dramatic merits. In Moreto, too,—that truly comic genius—personal features of a very rich humour diversify the sameness of the established characters. But these were gratuitous offerings of a gift which was not at all demanded to entitle a play to take the first rank amongst the *comedias famosas* of the day. A modern writer of such comedies as these might, therefore, fairly hold himself excused from attempting character painting. But Zorrilla has chosen to deprive himself of this excuse, by attempting to unite a foreign with the native style:—by the liberty he has taken in banishing servants, as humorous figures, from the theatre;—by the visible attempts he makes to imitate the strut of the French manner, in order to give an imposing air to his chief personages. Where he produces a weak impression of character, therefore, we must ascribe it to want of power to leave a deeper mark, and not to the deliberate preference of interest of plot to individual portraiture.

His dialogue, we are glad to say, is more prompt and less wordy on the whole than might have been apprehended from reading his poems. There is woefully little of freshness or life in any part; but the business of the scene, as he has planned it, is pretty readily despatched; and very long passages of de-

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description, soliloquy, narrative, or harangue are less frequent than we expected. The total impression left by these plays, however, is not unpleasant; we are chilled throughout by a want of genial feeling, and are rarely invited by the presence of beauty either in subject or manner. There is no firm grasp of human nature, no commanding moral dignity or easy and coherent system of becoming motives, to compensate for the loss of all the floating romantic liberty of the older comedy, with its impossibly passionate loves, sacrifices, and panderers. A certain grim, vacant feeling, we should think, must be carried home by the spectator from the performance of any one of Zorrilla's plays:—such, at all events, has been their impression on us in the closet—an uneasy, bewildering effect, not unlike what one might fancy *à priori* would be produced by the elements of two dead theatres thrown together in a state of entire decomposition. How much of this may be due to the place and time in which Zorrilla became a playwright, and how much to natural defects, it might now be hard to determine. This, at least, we think pretty evident: that he does not possess in any large measure either the genial vein, the moral sensitiveness, or the masculine understanding required to have made him a great dramatist, even under more favourable circumstances.

Although to give a short extract as the specimen of a play would be no better than to show a brick as the sample of a building,—we may be allowed to translate one passage, a scene which we think among the best, in a play that might have been altogether interesting had the author been master of the romance and passion that lay in the subject. This drama, entitled *‘El Eco del Torrente,’* opens with more promise than usual. Garci Fernandez, Count of Castile, has married a French wife, whose heart had been previously given to a knight of her own country, the Count de Roquefort. Garci is passionately fond of his Countess; her coldness so affects him, that he sickens with vexation.—A Moorish slave of the Countess is secretly pining for love of him, watches over him day and night; and, at the same time, is a vigilant spy on her mistress, whom she has learned to suspect. The early lover now makes his appearance; gets admitted to an interview, and is discovered by the Moorish slave, who betrays to the Count his wife's error. Garci is rather distressed than enraged—no true fashion, this, of a Castilian so wounded in his honour;—the slave, intending to profit by the wife's removal, excites him to punish; he wavers:—but at this moment the sick Count is made to turn on the sudden; and is hurried away—saying that a little fighting will do him good—to repel an attack of the Moors. He defers passing sentence on the conduct of his wife until he shall return: and departs, investing the slave with full power in his absence, leaving the Countess her prisoner; with instruction to watch the next arrival of the lover, and seize him, too, if possible. The slave, Zelina, not trusting the husband's resolution, and wishing to remove a rival, makes use of this power to frighten the lady into her lover's arms, and they take flight for France. The sequel is sadly perplexed and improbable, and the dénouement poor to the last degree. What we have so far related will explain the following scene. The Count has just departed, and the slave Zelina hastens to exercise her new powers. It is not jealousy alone that she has to gratify—there is revenge to be taken for the haughty treatment of her mistress, who, lately, in a moment of passion had even gone so far as to strike the Moorish girl a blow. There are here, it will be seen, materials for a vivacious scene,—of course we

must take for granted the improbable circumstances that have brought it to pass.—

Enter the Countess.
Count. Zelina here? (astonished).
Zel. 'Tis I.
Count. Methought—
Zel. It was the Count who called you!
Count. Aye.
Zel. Even so! The Countess errs.—'Twas I.
(To Hassan) Slave, quit the room at once!
Count. (in surprise) Who brought that man within my chamber, pray?
Zel. Each one will choose, as likes him best, What key shall lock his treasure chest.
Count. I never saw my lord convey Such trust to aught of Moorish race!
Zel. My lady, for the present season, 'Tis not the Count whom he obeys.
Count. I understand thee not!—the reason?
Zel. So, heard you not the troop defile? Behind the drums, with spear and shield The Count betakes him to the field,— And leaves me in his place the while.
Count. Thee?
Zel. Even me: (producing ring) his signet view! Before it all his vassals kneel—
Though slave, I wield in your Castle The powers of axe and gallows, too.
Count. To thee he grants such favour—
Zel. Yes! (tauntingly)
Now say—to slight you to your face, With every shame of rude disgrace, Could insolence do more than this? Lady! you'll grant no common slight A feat like this required: be sure 'Twas strange to make the captive Moor Ascend from slave to favourite!— You guess not how? The hazard played is bold and sudden—think ye not? But Countess! you too soon forgot That blow you gave the captive maid!
Count. Dost thou forget, to whom, and how Thou speak'st, forget the peril, slave! Of daring thus my rank to brave?
Zel. 'Twas danger yesterday—not now!
Count. A single word of mine can make Thy life my forfeit.
Zel. Please you, then,
To speak at once, and speak again— But fear not that your voice will break That door asunder.—No! I we're even! You're now my captive, lady gay,— And for the blow of yesterday I'll have a cruel requittance given!

The sum of what we have thus been able to collect from the dramas of Zorrilla adds little to the idea which the poems had already given of his general powers. He appears to possess a certain measure of talent in a state of high activity: but of any of those endowments that promise enduring performances—*non multa sed multum*—we cannot find much evidence in either one or the other class. In the present unsettled state of Spanish taste, the gift which he has may sufficiently qualify him to rank as a popular author;—he does not seem to possess the qualities required for any higher vocation.

Travels in Western Africa in 1845 and 1846.
By John Duncan. 2 vols. Bentley.

THE writer of these travels is a Scotchman of humble parentage; who, having an early predilection for a military life, enlisted in 1822 in the first regiment of Life Guards,—and in the hours not devoted to his military duties, applied himself to draughtsmanship, painting, and mechanics. After sixteen years' service, he obtained his discharge and the appointment of master-at-arms in the late expedition to the Niger. Of more than three hundred men engaged in that unfortunate enterprise, not more than five escaped; and on his arrival at Fernando Po, our adventurer was himself seriously attacked with fever. He had been previously wounded in the leg at the Cape de Verd Islands by a poisoned arrow thrown at him by one of the natives. This wound the fever so seriously affected that gangrene commenced,—and was only checked by a powerful acid that destroyed the part affected. Fortunately, our author was spared the necessity of having his leg amputated; and nothing daunted by the dangers which he had suffered, on his return to England he made an offer of his services to the Royal Geographical Society to proceed to Africa and penetrate to the Kong Mountains from the West Coast. The Society provided

him with the necessary instruments and instructions, and the Lords of the Admiralty gave him a free passage to Cape Coast. These volumes present the narrative of his journey; the country which he traversed having been hitherto untraced by any European traveller—and reaching as far as 13° 6' north latitude and 1° 3' east longitude.

This account prepares us for a sensible and carefully written book—nor has our expectation been disappointed.

Arrived on board the Prometheus steamer at Cape Coast, Mr. Duncan was again attacked with fever; but on his recovery made many interesting observations on the natives and the fetish of the Fantees. He speaks highly of King Agray; and wonders at the neglect of him by England while so much attention is lavished on the villanous King of Ashantee. No human sacrifices are offered up at Cape Coast, as at Ashantee; but civilization in other respects is at the lowest ebb. About thirteen miles distant is the town of Annamaboe; where there is a good fort, the gate of which the Ashantees in their attack in 1817 attempted to blow up. The state of slavery among the native Caboceers is not oppressive—their condition, Mr. Duncan says, is superior to that of our English peasantry. But the only evidence of enterprise in the neighbourhood is a good road for about ten or twelve miles in the interior, made at the expense of a native merchant named Barns. Mr. Duncan visited the rooms (villages) along the coast; and a tradition of one of these—Cromantine—he thus relates:—

“In Cromantine there exists a tradition, or rather a tale, to deceive strangers, that they have still in their possession a male child who has existed ever since the beginning of the world. This child, they declare, neither eats, drinks, nor partakes of any nourishment, yet still continues in a state of childhood. When I laughed at this absurd tale, it somewhat offended my friend Mr. Brew, who declared that he himself and his father had actually seen this infant. I therefore expressed a wish to see this extraordinary child; and during the half-hour which was required to prepare him for the visit, we were admitted into their fetish-house, or temple, in the corner of which was seated in a chair a little clay figure of the god whom they invoke or threaten, according to circumstances. In the same house, leaning against the wall, was the hollow trunk of a cocoanut tree, chalked over with white spots. This they told us was sent down to them from heaven, and was preserved here as a proof that their fetish lives for them. When I reproved their folly in believing such tales, they seemed quite astonished and incensed, especially the old fetish-woman, a priestess, who at times extorts great sums for the preparation of certain charms, supposed to be very potent. When a man is sick, his relations send for the fetish-man, who, if the party is found to be very anxious respecting the sick man, generally makes a heavy charge, in addition to a gallon of rum to drink success to the fetish; and he very frequently orders a few bottles of rum to be buried up to the neck in the ground in different places, which the god is supposed to take as a fee for his favours to the sick man. If he should die, the fetish-man assures his relatives that the favour of the god was not to be gained by so small a quantity of rum. Such is the abject superstition prevalent on this coast.”

Mr. Duncan, resolved on seeing the Wonderful Child, made forcible way to his alleged residence:—

“On entering through a very narrow door or gateway, into a circle of about twenty yards diameter, fenced round by a close paling, and covered outside with long grass, about nine feet high (so that nothing within could be seen), the first and only thing I saw was an old woman, whom, but for her size and sex, I should have taken for the mysterious being, resident there from the time of the Creation. She certainly was the most disgusting and loathsome being I ever beheld. She had no covering on her person (like all the other natives of this place), with the exception

of a small piece of dirty cloth round her loins. Her skin was deeply wrinkled and extremely dirty, with scarcely any flesh on her bones. Her breasts hung halfway down her body, and she had all the appearance of extreme old age. This ancient woman was the supposed nurse of the everlasting child. On my entering the yard, this old fetish-woman (for such was her high style and title) stepped before me, making the most hideous gestures ever witnessed, and endeavouring to drive me out, that I might be prevented from entering into the god's house; but in spite of all her movements I pushed her aside, and forced my way into the house. Its outward appearance was that of a cone, or extinguisher, standing in the centre of the enclosure. It was formed by long poles placed triangularly, and thatched with long grass. Inside of it I found a clay bench in the form of a chair. Its tenant was absent, and the old woman pretended that she had, by her magic, caused him to disappear. On my return I found my friends anxiously waiting for me, dreading lest something awful might have happened to me; and the townspeople seemed quite in a fury. They did not, however, dare to attack me, for they are great cowards when the least determination or spirit of resistance is shown. They are so superstitious, that not one individual would venture over the threshold of the holy house, without the permission of the old nurse. When I explained to the multitude the nature of the trick practised by the old woman, they were greatly incensed. There can be no doubt that some neighbour's child is borrowed whenever strangers wish to see this wonderful infant; and when dressed up and disguised by various colours of clay, it is exhibited as the divine and wonderful child. The natives are so credulous, that a fetish-man or woman has no difficulty in making them believe anything, however extravagant."

The moral character of the native African may be estimated from that of his superstition. According to Mr. Duncan, he is wanting in affection, domestic duty, friendship and fine feeling. He is a polygamist; and purchases his wives from their parents, and sells them again to the highest bidder, without consulting themselves. Take our author's account of a Mr. Lawson, at Accra, and his Fantee family.

"He is a little old man, much under the middle size, a jet black, with round shoulders, or bordering more upon the buffalo or hump-back. He very graciously condescended to introduce us to two of his favourite wives, of extraordinary dimensions, for circumference of body is here considered a principal mark of beauty. They were seated facing us, on the opposite side of the room, the old man seating himself by our side. With one of his best grins, he pointed out the two huge flesh mountains as his wives, upon which they seemed much gratified. Each damsel had on her wrist a pair of large solid silver bracelets, weighing about half a pound each, very plain, and similar to those worn by the convicts in the dock-yards in England. The ladies seemed about twenty-four years of age; while their old matrimonial partner, very much resembling a monkey, was about seventy. * * Mr. Lawson's two sons are living in the next house to their father, and carry on a trade in all sorts of goods of British manufacture, which are exchanged for palm-oil and ivory. Their houses are good, and in every way arranged to imitate our English style. They also enjoy every luxury which can be procured from European nations, as well as those of their own country. They are very kind and hospitable in their own houses to those with whom they are acquainted, but they are very deceitful and treacherous in their character. If an English man-of-war or merchantman is in the offing or in the roads, the old man acknowledges the British flag, but the moment the flag of another nation is displayed, he, like the Vicar of Bray, acknowledges that also. * * The old man professes great attachment for the English, and even pretends to give our naval officers information respecting the slave-trade, but it is needless to say that it is always false, as he is one of the most notorious slave-dealers on the coast himself; although I believe that it is not generally known in England he is at all concerned in that traffic. This statement, however, may be relied upon, as I am writing from ocular demonstration, as well as from authentic information, to

a much greater extent than even fell under my own observation. I have also obtained information which may very probably lead to implicate one in this abominable traffic who is little suspected, and whose duty, according to British law, it is to suppress this trade. But I shall, after obtaining more information with regard to the conduct of this individual, write fully upon this subject. * * Mr. Lawson, owing to his great trade and wealth acquired by the slave-trade, is acknowledged by the inhabitants as the leading man in Popoe, although they have a caboccer, or *dootay*, who is acknowledged as hereditary chief magistrate or ruler; for when Mr. Lawson interferes, the opinion or order of the caboccer is disregarded."

Whydah is a place well cultivated by people returned from the Brazils—many of them driven away on account of the attempted revolution amongst the slaves.—

"These people are generally from the Foolah and Eya countries. Many, it appears, were taken away at the age of twenty or twenty-four years, consequently they can give a full account of their route to Badagry, where they were shipped. They are by far the most industrious people I have found. Several very fine farms, about six or seven miles from Whydah, are in a high state of cultivation. The houses are clean and comfortable, and are situated in some of the most beautiful spots that imagination can picture. It is truly gratifying to find unexpectedly a house where you are welcomed in European fashion, and asked to take refreshment. I invariably found upon inquiry that all these people had been slaves. This would seem to prove that to this country slavery is not without its good as well as bad effects. There is another class of colonists, emancipated slaves from Sierra Leone, who emigrated to Whydah, with the intention of farming; but they are inferior in that science to the former class. Though most of them can read and write a little, unfortunately the male portion of them appear nearly as indolent as the uncivilized native; notwithstanding that the King of Dahomey has afforded them every encouragement, by making them gratuitous grants of land on which they have built a small town. Immediately adjoining, is their cultivated land, which is little more than sufficient to meet their own consumption; but this is chiefly owing to the jealousy of the great slave-merchants, who use their combined influence to keep their produce out of the market. There is consequently little stimulus to exertion in agriculture. Through some means these colonists had been informed that I had come to Whydah for the purpose of establishing a model farm; and I was consequently waited upon by their headman, accompanied by several of his people, at the English Fort. They offered to give up to me all the cultivated land belonging to their settlement, upon condition of my affording them employment on the farm when labour was required, as they said that their united efforts, under a proper leader, would be worthy the attention of some of the European merchants trading on that coast. They all seemed much disappointed when I told them that I was not in a position to accept their proposal. They derive support chiefly from the females, who are during the season employed in the bush collecting palm-nuts for making oil, for which a market can always be found. Several are also engaged in washing, which they obtain from European slave-agents, who are numerous here. I had during my residence in this place a servant as interpreter, one of these colonists, who had himself been a slave, but had been captured by a British cruiser while on his passage to Brazil, and carried to Sierra Leone, and there educated. He afterwards emigrated to Understone or Abbakuta—that saintly place of so many converts—and commenced slave-dealing. While on his passage, on board a slave, he was again captured with several slaves in his possession. The slaves were carried to Sierra Leone; but he himself was with the crew of the slave put on shore at Whydah, where he is now a resident in the above settlement of liberated Africans from Sierra Leone. He now practises as a quack doctor, and his wife as a fetish-woman. I believe this is only one of many instances where emigrants from Sierra Leone to Abbakuta, who on being liberated from slavery themselves, have commenced the same abominable traffic. In spite of what has been

said of the moral condition of the last-named settlement, agriculture, commerce, and industry, in my opinion, will be the only permanent means to improve and moralize the people."

The manners of the court of the King of Dahomey are sufficiently curious—and among its other barbarities, are troops of female soldiers. Some account of these Amazons and their evolutions may amuse our readers.—

"After all the ceremony of compliments and boasting of valour is gone through, the officers fall in, and the whole regiment sing a song in compliment to the King. After that any individual who chooses is allowed to step to the front, and declare her fidelity to his Majesty, and as soon as one retires another takes her place, so that the ceremony becomes irksome. Sometimes the ceremony of one regiment passing occupies three hours. After all is over the whole of the regiment kneel down, with the butt of their muskets on the ground and the barrel slanting back over the shoulder, and with both hands scrape up the dust and cover themselves with it. The dust being of a light red colour, gives them a very singular appearance. Many have their heads entirely shaved, except a tuft resembling a cockade; others only shave a breadth of two inches from the forehead to the poll. After this ceremony they all rise up from the stooping position, still on their knees, but body otherwise erect, and poising their muskets horizontally on their two hands, all join in a general hurrah. Suddenly then they rise up, throwing the musket sharply into one hand, holding it high in the air, at the same time giving another hurrah. The whole then shoulder muskets, and run off at full speed. Each individual runs as fast as she is able, so that it is a race with the whole regiment of six hundred women. It would surprise a European to see the speed of these women, although they carry a long Danish musket and short sword each, as well as a sort of club. It may be well to give some account of the dress and equipments of these amazons. They wear a blue and white striped cotton sarout, the stripes about one-and-a-half inch wide, of stout native manufacture, without sleeves, leaving freedom for the arms. The skirt or tunic reaches as low as the kilt of the Highlanders. A pair of short trousers is worn underneath, reaching two inches below the knee. The cartouche-box, or *aghwadya*, forms a girdle, and keeps all their dress snug and close. The cartouche-box contains twenty cartridges, about four times the quantity of that used in England, owing to the inferiority of the powder. It is very conveniently placed, being girdled round the loins. The powder and ball, however, is not attached; the powder being in a small leather cup, fitted inside of another, and taken out and emptied into the gun, without any wadding of any description. It consequently loses much of its power, the ball or slug being thrown in loosely, and fired off more by chance than judgment. However, upon the whole, these women certainly make a very imposing appearance, and are very active. From their constant exercise of body (for the women in all cases do the principal part of both domestic and agricultural labours here as well as at other places,) they are capable of enduring much fatigue. Next came the King's second son's female soldiers, from a part called Kakagee's country, in consequence of having the government of that country. These soldiers, about six hundred, went through the same ceremony as the others. His Majesty always anxiously explained everything to me, and sent to the palace for paper for me to make notes upon. During the day about six thousand women-soldiers passed successively before the King, who frequently introduced the principal officers of this corps to me, relating their achievements. This seemed to give them great satisfaction. Amongst them, he introduced me to one of his principal wives, a stout, noble-looking woman, of a light brown complexion. She commanded the whole of the King's wives, who are all soldiers, amounting to six hundred, present on this occasion. The King introduced her to me as my mother. I was for some time at a loss to comprehend the meaning of this, but soon found that his Majesty had appointed this favourite wife to furnish all English or white men with provisions during their sojourn in this country. The term mother is, in many cases, misapplied in Abomey; for instance, if a man has a wife, or a number of them, they are called

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mothers, no one being allowed to call them wives but the King. My inquiries relative to the meaning of this were often erroneously answered, till I observed an old man, whose name was given me, and soon after a young woman was pointed out to me as his mother, though the woman was at least twenty-five years younger than her supposed son. Owing to this, I was very incredulous, telling my informant that he must be mistaken. It may appear singular in a civilized part of the world, to learn that no distinction is made in the term *mother* between the wife and real mother. After introducing me to a number of his chiefs or captains, some of whom are very fine well-built men, the King informed me that I had better go home, as it was now getting dusk. After dining again with his Majesty, I retired to my house, where I was visited by many of the principal people of Dahomey, and also received the canes of a great many Spaniards and Portuguese (as they call themselves), liberated slaves from Whydah, and who were here attending the custom, or holiday."

Skirmishes are frequent between the Dahomians and the Mahees,—a people inhabiting a country about six days' journey to the northward of Dahomey—in which encounters these Amazons do good service. The Kong Mountains are in the Mahee country. The inhabitants never think of reserving any of their corn or other produce as stores; so that they invariably become an easy prey, though they can raise four crops in the year. The Mahees use the bow and arrow;—the King of Dahomey forbidding the transport of fire-arms through his kingdom from the coast. On gaining the top of one of these mountains, our traveller discovered in a sort of hollow or basin on one side of the dome-shaped summit the remains, apparently, of a large town.—

"This place was truly the picture of desolation, and the ravages of war and famine presented themselves on all sides. Hundreds of human skulls, of different sizes, were still to be seen; as also the skulls of sheep, goats, and oxen. No doubt the latter named animals had been used as food by the people whose remains we saw around us, the greater part of whom had been starved to death rather than surrender. Many of the soldiers of my guard had been on service during this siege, and described the scene on ascending as of the most awful description. The bodies of the dead in a putrid state were, it appears, mixed with those who were still alive, but unable to move; many were wounded with bullets, whose limbs were rotting off and covered with vermin; and the air was so pestiferous, that many of the Dahomians died from its effects. The vultures tore the bodies of the poor wounded people, even while they were yet alive. In many of the small fissures I observed the remains of various domestic quadrupeds, together with human bones, very probably carried there by the vulture or eagle, also natives of this mountain, as well as the common fox, the panther, and large hyena, or patakas, the name given to it by the natives."

The battles between these people seem indeed to be of an exceedingly destructive character. Mr. Duncan calculates that during the seven months' war in Gbowelle and the neighbouring mountains to the eastward no fewer than forty thousand men must have perished.—Our author's description of the Mountain of Zoglogbo must be cited.—

"The passage up the side of the mountain is so narrow as only to admit of one man passing at a time, and very steep and difficult, on account of the many blocks of stone which impede the ascent. It would have been impossible for me to ascend with my shoes on, had not the old caboceer of the mountain walked in front and given me his hand, and another person pushed at my back, as occasion required. After a somewhat toilsome though romantic journey, we arrived at the gates of the town, which were of very thick planks of seven inches, strongly barred with iron. After passing the gates, the path was much easier and not so steep, from the fissure not being filled so high, so that the top of the fissure was far above the head, apparently above twenty yards. After passing a little distance farther, we came upon the town, which is situated in a basin, or

crater, formed in the centre of the top of the mountain. Round the outer edge of this immense basin are thrown tremendous blocks of various sizes, underneath which many houses are built. Although these blocks are placed on each other in such a tottering position, the houses in the centre of the town are erected with considerable taste and regularity. The residences of the principal merchants and influential members of the town are built in the form of squares or quadrangles, which are occupied by their wives, which are frequently very numerous, as well as their families. Their slaves also occupy a part of the buildings, and are treated as well as their own families. Indeed, as I have already observed, they work together in cultivating the fields, or any other domestic employment. The caboceer led us to a tolerably good house, with every necessary utensil for our use. Many presents of various descriptions were brought to me,—the old caboceer seeming much pleased at the kindness of his people to the King's stranger. His own kindness and attention were unbought, as well as those of his principal attendant, a young man of rank from Dahomey, and the handsomest and most intelligent African I had ever met. The King of Dahomey displays great sagacity in sending Dahomians to the frontiers between the Mahees, Yarriba, and Fellattahs. These men, although acting as principal attendants to chiefs or caboceers of the subdued Mahees, are nothing more nor less than political spies,—the upper rank of such persons preventing any combination or alliance dangerous to the power of the King of Dahomey, although generally the Mahees seem very much pleased with their present government and new laws."

Our readers have had sufficient indication of the kind of scene and life which these remote districts of Central Africa present. We will not enter into any of the minute detail with which the volumes abound. The author obtained some information respecting the death of Mungo Park; for which, as for other important matters, the reader will do well to consult his work. There is in it but little of adventure—the writer appearing to have conducted his exploration with remarkable tact and good fortune.

Mind and Matter. By J. G. Millingen, M.D. Hurst.

The Power of the Soul over the Body. By George Moore, M.D. Longman & Co.

Body and Soul. By George Redford, M.R.C.S. Churchill.

THE cultivation of inductive science and the practical application of its principles to the supply of the material wants of man have given a character not only to the labour but to the literature and philosophy of the age. The laws of matter are consulted not alone in the working of steam-engines and the construction of railroads, but in the elaboration of theories of Art and the weaving of systems of mental philosophy. The age of the spiritual and supernatural has given way to that of the material and natural. It is an impertinence now to hazard a speculation upon the abyss of mystery in which all causation terminates. Force is regarded but as the result of physical change—the organic movements of plants and animals are so many chemical phenomena—and what men call "mind," "thought," "soul," are but secretions of the animal brain. Against such results of a material philosophy we have always protested; and, whilst willing to lend a helping hand for the diffusion of the discoveries of natural science, we have borne our testimony against the assumptions of those who have carried its semblance into departments of inquiry yet open to investigation. On this ground we have opposed the so-called science of phrenology:—which, resting upon the most imperfect inductions, could never have gained for itself serious attention but as it reflected the material spirit of the age. The wide-spread belief in the

doctrines of phrenology has, however, resulted in this good,—that a much greater attention has been paid by careful inquirers to the nature of the connexion which really exists between Mind and Matter. The proof of such attention will be found in the three volumes now before us,—all written by medical men; who undoubtedly, from the nature of their studies and pursuits, are the most proper persons to undertake inquiry into such subjects. We cannot promise our readers a solution of all the difficult questions arising out of the connexion of their mental and material constitution from a perusal of these volumes. There is, however, one point of agreement between them all which we regard with peculiar satisfaction—that is, the repudiation of phrenology as a science.

Dr. Millingen in his book on 'Mind and Matter' does not attempt to demonstrate the nature of their connexion—nor does he enter upon the difficult questions involved in metaphysical discussions. The intimate relation of the one to the other he takes for granted,—and his whole work is a series of illustrations of the fact. The subjects of hereditary mental disease, temperament, and sensibility, supply him with topics of amusing and interesting comment. As a specimen of the way in which he accumulates illustrations we give the following:—

"Our antipathies and sympathies are most unaccountable manifestations of our nervous impressionability affecting our judgment, and uncontrollable by will or reason. Certain antipathies seem to depend upon a peculiarity of the senses. The horror inspired by the odour of certain flowers may be referred to this cause—an antipathy so powerful as to realize the poetic allusion, to

Die of a rose in aromatic pain.

For Amatus Lusitanus relates the case of a monk who fainted when he beheld a rose, and never quitted his cell while that flower was blooming. Orfila (a less questionable authority) gives the account of the painter Vincent, who was seized with violent vertigo, and swooned, when there were roses in the room. Valtain gives the history of an officer who was thrown into convulsions and lost his senses by having pinks in his chamber. Orfila also relates the instance of a lady, of forty-six years of age, of a hale constitution, who could never be present when a decoction of linseed was preparing, without being troubled in the course of a few minutes with a general swelling of the face, followed by fainting and a loss of the intellectual faculties, which symptoms continued for four-and-twenty hours. Montaigne remarks, on this subject, that there were men who dreaded an apple more than a cannon-ball. Zimmerman tells us of a lady who could not endure the feeling of silk and satin, and shuddered when touching the velvety skin of a peach: other ladies cannot bear the feel of fur. Boyle records a case of a man who experienced a natural abhorrence of honey; a young man invariably fainted when the servant swept his room. Hippocrates mentions one Nicanor who swooned whenever he heard a flute, and Shakespeare has alluded to the strange effect of the bagpipe. Boyle fell into a syncope when he heard the splashing of water; Scaliger turned pale at the sight of water-cresses; Erasmus experienced febrile symptoms when smelling fish; the Duke d'Epemon swooned on beholding a leveret, although a hare did not produce the same effect; Tycho Brahe fainted at the sight of a fox; Henry III., of France, at that of a cat; and Marshal d'Albret at a pig. The horror that whole families entertain of cheese is well known."

Though there is little system, and scarcely anything like the logical development of an argument, throughout the whole of Dr. Millingen's book, no one can fail to be amused at the racy manner in which he gives his opinion on subjects of high import. The doctor is opposed to the theory of innate ideas;—and thus disposes of the doctrine in relation to beauty.—

"To insist that man is born with innate ideas of virtue, appears to be as absurd as to maintain that he is created wicked and corrupt. No doubt our instinctive propensities and emotions, were they indulged in with-

out the check of our reasoning faculties, would plunge man in a vortex of crime and imprudence, subversive of all social order. He would indulge his animal appetites without restraint until satiety ensued; but the characteristic of mankind is the susceptibility of an advance towards a meliorated condition, so long as he moves in a cycle of improvement. The same questionable notions that have been entertained regarding the innate knowledge of good and evil, of vice and virtue, have been also advanced to account for our ideas of beauty and deformity. Socrates of old, and, strange to say, many modern psychologists, asserted that our notions of beauty arise from an analogy with the beauty and sublimity of the qualities of the mind; that material objects only affect us by means of the moral ideas they suggest; and that 'the human face is beautiful, chiefly as it presents to our conception the qualities of the mind.' Such is the doctrine of Dugald Stewart; he adds, 'it is the mind alone that possesses original and *undevied* beauty; and that what we call the beauty of the material world is chiefly, if not wholly, reflected from intellectual and moral qualities. The intention of Nature in thus associating the ideas of the beautiful and the good, cannot therefore be mistaken.' According to these singular assumptions, George Barnwell must have been struck with the beauty of Milwood, 'being,' according to Dugald Stewart's views, 'reflected from her intellectual and moral qualities—*as the light we admire on the disc of the moon and the planets, when traced to its original source, the light of the sun.*' George's poor uncle had no chance, after such a reflection. In my humble view of the question, I am apt to think, that our notions of beauty are in general the result of education and habit, added to pleasing sensations and recollections."

The greater part of the work is occupied with a general view of the passions—which are divided into the instinctive and acquired. Under the latter head ambition, friendship, bigotry, and fanaticism are considered—whilst self-love, fear, anger, love, jealousy, and coquetry are classed under the former. As the section on coquetry is somewhat new in such works as the present, we give a sketch of a coquette for the benefit of all those who would avoid imitating or being influenced by her.—

"In her conversation she assumes an air of abstinence; and although every expression is studied, she wishes that her words should appear to be the result of momentary inspirations, and that thinking might seem too troublesome an occupation. Whether she moves her head or her hand—her foot or her fan—she telegraphs, 'Look at me.' As she flies from one admirer to another, she also flutters from one book to some other publication in vogue. Thus she collects a smattering store of ideas, which she knows how to retail in the small change of social intercourse. Without mind, she passes for a clever woman, her chief accomplishment being the art of clothing the ideas of others in the fanciful garb of her own whimsical conceptions. *Maniérée* in every action—habitually so, even in her sleep—she is in turn most careful in ornamenting her person, or negligent in her attire, according to the character of the individual she seeks to captivate, or the circle in which she is anxious to shine. One of her great attainments in the art of pleasing and of surprising, is that of knowing, by her searching looks, what a man was going to say before he speaks, thus preparing a reply before his speech was ended. To patronize is her delight, therefore is she ever ready to serve you; patronization confers obligation, and obligation is, to a certain degree, an admission of superiority; and nothing can render this sense of obligation more irksome than the apparent desire, on her part, to make it appear that she was obliged to you for the opportunity of conferring the favour. The society of such a woman must be attractive, for she regulates its *convenances* with great art; to equalize the company she moves in, is her study, and she prides herself in levelling the ranks around her. A coquette of this description will abound in the sense of the witty and wise, for even wisdom is not exempt from her toils. On such occasions she pretends to display conviction. She will also agree with a coxcomb; but then her eyes, and her lips, and her nose, and her dimpled cheek, proclaim to the group around her, the ridicule

of the flattered fool. This coquette is rarely jealous, for she is afraid of jealousy from principle; for this scrutinizing passion, in seeking for faults which it wishes to detect, discovers good qualities which it does not wish to find. Respectful love she despises; love, to please her, must show desire. Her study is to produce effect. She will not cease in pretending to love you, until she loves another: infidelity would lose all its charms, were it not rendered more *piquant* when seasoned by perfidiousness."

On the whole, although we have been amused with the perusal of Dr. Millingen's book, we have felt that he takes too gloomy a view of life and of the prospects of man. He has dwelt on the dark side of that wonderful combination of mind and matter which constitutes the character of humanity. He treats his subject rather as a pathologist than as a physiologist—as one delighting in the laws of disease rather than in its cure.

The other two works, written with the same object, treat the matter very differently. Dr. Moore, taking the Bible as his guide, asserts the essential difference between body and soul. Under the latter term he comprehends all that is meant by the terms "vitality," "intellect," and "mind"; and he proceeds to discuss its power over the body in the following respects:—

"1st. The general adaptation of the body, the senses and the nervous system to the soul. 2ndly. The manifestation of the soul in attention and memory. 3rdly. The influence of mental determination and emotion on the body."

Though we cannot commend Dr. Moore's metaphysics on account of their exclusive foundation upon a dogmatic theology, we highly approve of the spirit and tendency of his work. Whilst fully recognizing the vast influence of bodily organization on the character of man, his great object is to point out how the body may be controlled and governed by the exercise of those higher mental faculties which he terms the soul. In such control we believe the moral and intellectual welfare of man to consist.

Dr. Moore's remarks on the influence of mental exertion and of the passions on the brain and, through that organ, on the rest of the body are judicious. The following are some concluding remarks on education:—

"Intellectually speaking, man is not gregarious, but every mind has a track of its own as well as a body of its own. To force incongruous numbers to the same irksome tasks, is a violence to nature which extends disorder alike to the moral, the intellectual, and the corporeal being. Mental fellowship and co-operation are indeed essential to enlarged success; but to drive boys, like a herd, to the same pasture, is neither to strengthen the bonds of sociality nor to develop individual character. Those who have felt the value of mental culture, and have taken their course untrammelled by task-work, have generally shown their intellectual vigour by a greater capacity of endurance, as well as by freedom, boldness, and healthiness of thought. We may as well look for easy walking in a Chinese lady, whose feet have grown in iron shoes, and those very small ones, as for easy thinking in a mind that has been cast in a mould constructed to suit the mimi of the million. The reflective and perceptive faculties are too generally sacrificed at school for the sake of mere verbal memory; and hence those who were really most highly endowed, appeared, while there, most deficient scholars; such as Liebig, Newton, and Walter Scott. In conclusion of this chapter we may observe, that the modern system of education appears to be altogether *unchristian*; undoubtedly it contributes much to swell the fearful list of diseases, for it is founded on an unhealthy emulation, which ruins many both in body and in soul, while it qualifies none the better, either for business, knowledge, usefulness, or enjoyment; but rather, together with the influence of the money valuation of intellect, causes the most heroic spirits of our age to hang upon vulgar opinion and the state of the market. No less so, indeed, when the lessons are introduced by prayer and ended by flogging, than

when the riotous spirit of youth is left to itself to gather motives and morals from the poetic didactics, bewildering ethics, and impure histories of an emasculated heathenism. Instruction should be valued only as it helps the mind forward to an acquaintance with natural and revealed facts; and as the proper inducement to study and research is enjoyment, this should be made to depend on the example and pleasure of those who can rightly direct us. Heaven claims our hearts for no other reason and on no other principle."

Mr. Redford's work is a more logical discussion of the points involved in our ideas of body and soul than either of the two already noticed. It is a systematic and cautious inquiry into what is known at the present day on these subjects. The distinctions between matter, mind, and life are lucidly stated,—whilst difficulties wherever they occur are carefully noted. The work is written less with a view to amusement or practical application than to instruct all who are interested in the grave subject which it discusses in the first principles of the sciences involved. To all earnest inquirers into the physiology of mind and matter we can recommend Mr. Redford's volume. The importance of gaining accurate views on the relation of body and mind can hardly be overrated. A sound mind cannot exist without a sound body. The causes which injure the latter injure the former. If the body be improperly fed or the blood insufficiently oxygenated, the brain and nerves are imperfectly nourished, and the higher manifestations of intellect and reason become almost impossible:—so [that from a consideration of this subject we may learn that, however much the soul may be capable of influencing the body, one of the most important conditions of its action is the health of the latter. This leads us to remark,—however little it may be suspected,—that the great practical question of our day, the health of towns, involves to a greater or less extent the moral and religious interests of our country.]

Remarks on the Probable Origin and Antiquity of the Aboriginal Natives of New South Wales. By a Colonial Magistrate. Melbourne, Pullar & Co.

A curious little tract, on an interesting topic of inquiry; but not very learned in its argument or definite in its aim—being chiefly a series of notes, not pretending to any great accuracy, on certain manners, customs, and other peculiarities of the native Australian, with an attempt to identify them with the usages of other eastern nations of antiquity. Whether this people can be filiated with the Phenicians, Carthaginians, Malays, or Ethiopians—or with any nation and race occupying the southern shores of the Asiatic continent,—the writer considers a question which "will probably ever remain an interesting subject of philosophic and speculative inquiry." Whatever may have been their origin, there is, unfortunately, no doubt about their gradual decay and the certainty of their eventual extinction. Like the Red men of the North American continent, they are fading away before the presence of the White. All attempts to reclaim them have hopelessly failed. The government schools, the English and German missions, the native police system, and, finally, the protectorate—all have been found abortive and been abandoned.—

"Probably no race or tribe of the human kind (the Vedas of Ceylon excepted) have ever sunk so low in moral degradation or intellectual power as the various families of Aborigines of the Colonies and Districts of New South Wales; who, though varying to a limited extent in Customs and Dialects, have, as far as has been hitherto ascertained, no hereditary chieftains—no established laws—and amidst their long vocabulary of words, have few, if any, which express anything beyond the absolute

words of life have some as Murderer Priest, or P Sorages who shame at app The disp Italian lang Tract. T treating, th to obtain Names and the natives. ing man of another ta —the form tioned. T name impli the vocab word to ex The reli are excee have but of is of a mal not compr a metemp who have cators ret existence. Magistrat cted at th the expec he would plenty of To thos this little liam press

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wants of life and family relationship. It is true they have some words indicative of right and wrong; such as Murderer, Thief, Liar; but none for God, Chief, Priest, or Prayer; and they are probably the only Savages who have no natural feeling or sense of shame at appearing naked before white men.

The disputed problem of the unity of the Australian language receives no new light from this tract. The dialects are in themselves so fluctuating, that it is impossible to fix them so as to obtain a basis for inquiry and comparison. Names and words are continually changed by the natives. For instance, on the death of a leading man of a tribe, his name is blotted out; and another taken and adopted by all his children, —the former name never again being mentioned. Thus, recently, an old man died whose name implied Fire: the word was expunged from the vocabulary — and the tribe have now no word to express that element.

The religious notions of the Australian tribes are exceedingly vague and contracted. They have but one idea of a Supreme Being;—and that is of a malevolent spirit. A good one they cannot comprehend. Yet they cherish the idea of a metempsychosis. They believe the Europeans who have come to their shores to be their ancestors returned in a new and improved state of existence. It is related by the Melbourne Magistrate that one of the blacks who was executed at that place in 1842 consoled himself by the expectation that as soon as he was hung he would "jump up a white fellow, and have plenty of sixpences."

To those who feel an interest in the subject, this little brochure — a product of the Australian press — will prove a curious acquisition.

FLEMISH LITERATURE.

Old Flemish Songs — [Oude Vlaemsche Liederen]. 2 Parts. By T. F. Willem. Brussels.

THERE is something touching in the death of this remarkable Flemish author. He died, like a valiant warrior in the breach, just when he was in the act of correcting a sheet of his Old Flemish Songs. Many of these popular poetic effusions are of the time of Henry the Third, Duke of Brabant, — of John the First, or the Victorious, — of Philip the Good, — and of Margaret of Austria. Old ballads, which describe so accurately and feelingly the social manners and customs of nations, have always attracted general attention from the historian and the philosopher. They form the true exponents of popular thought on civil institutions and domestic happiness. France, Italy, Spain, Germany and England have extensive and curious collections of this kind: — and these old ballads of Belgium are fully as interesting as those of any other nation.

Willem was occupied full twenty years of his life in forming this Belgian collection. The greater number of these pieces have never before been printed; and as he was a good musician as well as a deep and clever philologist, he has noted down the tune to the most curious of the songs, and found the music himself for some of the very ancient ones from the old musical records of the country. From a mere boy he assiduously cultivated the Flemish muse. He lived in the small town of Lierre, — where he received the first elements of his education. In this secluded and remote part of the country there were yet remaining two of those mediæval institutions called *Sociétés de Rhetorique*. The members of such associations not only composed verses, but practised the forms of declamation followed by the ancient Mysteries. Willem tells us himself, in the 'Flemish Review' (*Belgisch Museum*) that he took a part in three or four of these public exhibitions — 'The Birth and Adolescence of Christ,'

'Joseph and Pharaoh,' and 'The Maccabees.' He also tells us that it was a custom adopted by the director of the society of Lierre, a pious man, to request all the young actors, before the curtain was raised, to kneel down and pray that everything might be conducted with propriety and decorum. As Willem was but a youth of tender years at this time, he assures us that the sight of Joseph, Herod, the Magi, the Jews, the angels, and the devil all kneeling together in prayer, was a thing so fantastic that it was never effaced from his mind to the last day of his life. — These representations certainly form a very singular characteristic feature in the state of Flemish society at the period.

In 1819 Willem was appointed Keeper of the Public Records of Antwerp: — a circumstance which gave a great impetus to his love of research into the national antiquities of Belgium. From this period he began to enrich and defend the national language of his native land. 'A History of the Old Flemish Literature,' in two vols. 8vo., a Chronicle in verse on Edward the Third of England, historical Miscellanies, several interesting dramatic pieces, and other fugitive productions, spread his fame beyond the limits of his own country, and made him well known throughout the whole of Germany. The celebrated Grimm speaks highly of the philosophical researches of Willem in the '*Gottingische Gelehrte Anzeiger*' of June 1837. Von der Hagen mentions the deep and accurate erudition of our author in his '*Jahrbücher der Berlinischen Gesellschaft*': and it is a point beyond dispute that the writings of Willem exercised a powerful influence over the modern revival of Flemish literature — which now possesses a great number of young and enterprising authors, to whom he acted as a sort of champion or leader.

Two of our author's publications have particularly attracted public attention: — his edition, and researches into the history, of the old poem of *Reynard the Fox*, taken from a MS. bought in London in 1836 by the Belgian Government for 160*l.*, — and his collection of 'Flemish Songs.' Both these works are interesting, — and display great merit in their arrangement and treatment.

The book of songs may be divided into three principal divisions — *Love Songs*, *Historical Songs*, and *Legendary Songs*. The Love Songs are characterized by softness and gentleness of expression; and bear a striking resemblance to many of the popular songs of Germany, although they are generally of a more primitive complexion than the ordinary effusions of that country. The Flemish ballads make a direct and forcible appeal to the most obvious and prominent principles and passions of human nature: — and what may be considered as somewhat singular, the language of these old verses is more soft, musical, and agreeable to the ear than that which is commonly employed at the present day. — The character of the Historical Songs displays the feelings and opinions of the mass of the people in reference to public matters in a much more decided manner than mere historical records or histories can do. — The Legendary Songs refer, of course, to all those objects which constitute the staple of the marvellous and supernatural, — as fairs, spiritual apparitions, and such like things. The language in them is but mean and commonplace, — and the metaphors and imagery are inappropriately used. There are certain things, however, found in this class of the songs which do not belong to legendary tales in general, — and are to be found here and nowhere else.

In this collection of songs are nine which in all probability were composed by John the First, Duke of Brabant, — who died in 1294. It would seem that these had been very popular; for

they were translated into the Swabian language and incorporated with the collection of national German songs published by Von der Hagen in one volume. The proof that these effusions were originally written in Flemish is given by Gervinus; who says, "Der Berühmte Herzog Johann van Brabant, Dichtte in vulgarsprache und seine Lieder gingen zum Theil northdürftig verhochdeutsch in unsern Minnesinger Codex ein" (*Geschichte der Poetischen national literatur der Deutschen*, vol. II. p. 67.)

Our readers are aware that it is nearly impossible to translate the popular songs of one country into the language of another. Such productions owe their humour and life to little incidents and casual associations which can be appreciated only by the people for whom they are expressly composed. Of two of the verses in one of these songs we will give the literal meaning in English. It will afford a very inadequate idea of the original; but still some small insight will be afforded of the nature of the imagery and metaphors employed. —

The winter is long, and covers with her mantle
The fields and the woods.
The green trees show their sorrow.
The songs of the birds are hushed.
This grieves me; but above all I am sorry
That the beauty I love so sincerely
Is quite insensible to me.
Mercy! O Queen Venus!
I am your devoted slave;
Help me, give me consolation!
Those I love have pity!
Let me chant your praise;
See how wretched I am
In devotedly loving you.
This must excite your pity,
So give me compensation.
Mercy, lovely woman!
Queen of my heart and soul,
Mercy! O Queen Venus
I am your devoted slave,
Help me, give me consolation!

We notice in the collection two other songs, set to music, taken from a manuscript in the Burgundian Library at Brussels, and which are generally believed to be from the pen of Margaret of Austria, who died in 1530, and was the daughter of Maximilian and Mary of Burgundy. This library contains two manuscript volumes of songs and music on vellum, — which form an interesting literary relic. The pages are surrounded with borders in gold and exquisitely coloured. There is the most conclusive internal evidence for supposing that the greatest part of these songs were composed by the Princess herself; — who, it is well known, was always surrounded by learned men, poets and musicians, from most parts of Europe.

After the Love songs, we find twenty-eight Historical ones, — a great number of which are set to music. These are sometimes quaint, — but generally pathetic and tender. This collection is calculated to be of great interest to the curious and *dilettanti* of all countries; for the oldest and most obscure libraries of Belgium and Germany must have been ransacked to procure the materials.

In the Historical songs we have, among others, a lament on the Death of Van Artevelde, 1345; another on the Duke of Brabant, 1388; a song on three Belgian knights going to the Holy War, 1450; on the sea voyage of Philip the Handsome, Duke of Brabant, and Count of Flanders, 1506; on the Battle of Pavia, 1525; on the tragical Death of Count de Egmond, 1568; and one against the Duke of Alva, 1569. We will give a few extracts from the last two. —

A prince of great power
The Count of Egmond was;
Went like a lamb to the slaughter,
When his hour was come.
Great multitudes assembled
To shed tears and bewail,
On the walls of Brussels,
When the Count met his fate.
With very great composure
And pious resignation,

He knelt upon a cushion
To receive the deadly blow.
When in this pious act,
With hands and eyes to heaven,
He called for heavenly mercy,
And yielded up his soul.
The blood of this brave prince
Flowed down from the scaffold;
May God revenge the death
Of the noble Count of Edmond!

The song on the Duke of Alva is taken from a single sheet preserved in the Royal Library of Brussels.—

Listen, if you wish to hear
The song I mean to sing;
A song of the old man Alva
On many curious things.
With pomp they paid him homage,
When he visited the town;
But he ran away by night,
And left his debts unpaid.
The old man was so cruel
That no one would serve him;
No taxes he could levy,
For the people shouted out,
"Vive les gueux! vive les gueux!"
He earnestly sought peace,
But they could not take his word;
They knew him to be deceitful,
He pardoned with wheel and gallows.

The Legendary songs are very curious and original; and some of them have already been published, but with great alterations, in Von Erloch's 'Volkslieder der Deutschen,' in Uhland's 'Alte hoch und nieder deutsche Volkslieder' and in Kretzmer and Zuccalmaglie's 'Deutsche Volkslieder.' One of them relates to a man of great cruelty, who by the fascinating influence of his own poetical compositions succeeded in inducing many interesting and virtuous young women to follow him, who had never afterwards been heard of. The daughter of a king is under the spell, and rides away on horseback to meet the enchanter. She finds him in the middle of a wood; and they go together into the thickest part of it, where he tells her she must die. He draws his sword and takes off his mantle; but suddenly the royal maid seizes the sword, and cuts off the head of the intended murderer. As he is an enchanter, the head speaks, and gives her many deceitful counsels,—the effect of which, if followed, would have been to restore him to life again. But the king's daughter is prudent enough to reject them. She makes her escape on horseback; and to prove to her father that she had killed the cruel monster, she takes his head with her. In issuing from the wood, she meets the mother of the bloody enchanter,—who is anxious at not seeing her son come home, and asks the young princess if she has met him. "Your son is dead," was the answer, "and I have his head in my lap!" She then rides off with all possible speed to her father's palace.—This tale is told in Flemish, with great feeling and simplicity, in short verse of eight syllables, and with such circumstances as show its great antiquity.

It has often been remarked, that the popular traditions of most of the northern nations of Europe have a common origin,—for we find that a legend told by the peasantry in the remote corners of Denmark or Sweden is well known by the lower orders in Holland or Belgium. This observation particularly applies to popular songs; and the present collection, by M. Willem, offers striking proof of the justness of the opinion. Though M. Willem has made his collection from well-authenticated Flemish sources, and often from oral tradition, many of his songs are on subjects which we find in the shape of very ancient legendary tales in the Danish and Swedish languages. Among these stories, there is one of a king's daughter who falls in love with a knight, and elopes with him, very much to the displeasure of her father. They go to a distant country,—where she gives birth to a child. Overwhelmed by misfortune

and poverty, the knight regrets what he has done; and tells the fair companion of his woes that he would like to see both her and her child buried under the tree where he first saw her. She returns an answer equally bold and revengeful; whereupon he strikes her. She falls to the ground; and exclaims that he will repent of his cruel treatment ere seven years shall have passed over his head,—for that he shall beg his bread from door to door. The prophecy is accomplished. When the child is seven years old, they are all reduced to a state of extreme poverty. The father coming home one day, oppressed and fatigued, the mother taunts him as follows:—

O! child of seven years old,
Present a chair to your father;
I have seen him once on a day
A bold and valiant knight.
O! child of seven years old,
Give your father some bread;
I once knew the day
When he wanted nothing.
O! child of seven years old,
Give your father some drink;
I once knew the day
When he was my only love.

While this goes on, the father of the unfortunate princess has found out the abode of the wretched couple; and stands behind the door of the hut listening to what is passing between them. Fired with anger and revenge, he bursts into the dwelling, sword in hand, cuts off the head of the knight, and throws it at the feet of his daughter, exclaiming, "Repent; keep this head, once loved to wound and betray your kind father." "Oh, my father," answers the young woman, "were I to weep for all of which I have to repent, a whole year would not suffice."

We will now present the reader with the analysis of two original Flemish songs; of which one is still sung, although of very ancient date—and the other is one of the oldest monuments of the literature of the Netherlands.

A maid is seated at the window in the highest part of her father's castle; and looking far and wide on every side, she spies her lover coming towards the castle at full gallop. When he approaches the window, he throws a ring into the water; and immediately rides off again at full speed, that he may not be surprised by her father. The maid has a little dog, an excellent swimmer, which jumps into the water and brings the ring to its mistress. The sight of this emblem of affection, and the dreadful thought that she will never be allowed to marry the knight, throws her into despair, and she prays to heaven that she may become a leper. Her wish is gratified. She goes before her father, shows him the condition she is in, and requests to have a hut built for her in the midst of a thick wood, where she will remain for seven years alone, that she may be cured. This demand is granted. After the seven years have elapsed, the knight passes by the hut on horseback. She lays her hand on the saddle to show him the ring; and, as she is now perfectly cured, he takes her away with him to make her his wife.

The analysis of the ballad of Hildebrand—of great antiquity—is as follows:—This knight has been absent from his castle for thirty-two years without once seeing his wife, Godeliva. On his way home he is told not to pass by a certain wood where a young warrior attacks every one who trespasses on his grounds. The knight answers, that if the report be correct he shall punish the young man so severely that he will never again exercise his power in that cruel manner. He passes on,—and soon falls in with the fierce and redoubtable youth. The latter demands the armour of Hildebrand; and after some sharp words, they begin the

fight. Hildebrand, more experienced than the youth, seizes him by the waist and throws him on the ground. "You have been too rash," says the old knight; "but I will forgive you if you will confess to what party in this country you belong." The fallen combatant answers, "I am a young warrior belonging to the *Wolfs* (the name of a political party); my mother is Godeliva and my father Hildebrand."—"God be praised," exclaimed Hildebrand, "then you are my son!"—"O my dear father! the stroke which I have levelled at you will rankle in my heart to the last day of my life."—"Don't think of it, my dear son; let us go on towards the castle. But, not to surprise your mother too violently, lead me to the dwelling like a prisoner; and if the inmates ask you who I am, tell them I am the most depraved and wicked man upon the face of the earth." On the Saturday evening they reach the garden of the castle, and enter into the room where Godeliva is sitting. Young Hildebrand places his father at the head of the table. "What are you doing, my son," says the mother, "this man is your prisoner?"—"Yes, my dear mother, this man is truly my prisoner; but, my dear mother, he is your husband too!" The long separated couple recognize each other. The wife takes her husband in her arms, kisses him, and the whole family kneel down and offer up their thanks to heaven for the happy domestic reunion.

This short and prosy analysis can give no idea whatever of the pathos and feeling which run through the whole of this legendary song, and of the pleasing and soothing monotony produced by the great number of repetitions at the beginning and end of each stanza. The verses are short and of equal metre,—which makes them easily sung.—This ballad, in alliterated verse, was known in the eighth century, and was printed by Grimm in the form in which it was then known. In the Netherlands it is so popular that a great number of common songs are set to the tune of 'Old Hildebrand'; and Willem proves that it was in very early times quoted by preachers in their sermons. A manuscript text, as the piece was sung in the sixteenth century, is still preserved in the Burgundian Library at Brussels.

In conclusion, we repeat that M. Willem has earned the praise of all who take an interest in the literature of the northern nations of Europe by the publication of these Flemish songs.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Acta Cancellariae. By Cecil Monro.—These are selections from the Records of the Court of Chancery, extracted for the most part from documents remaining in the Report Office, where they had reposed for more than two centuries of oblivion. The editor was attracted to an examination of the six hundred ponderous folios to which the Registrars' Books amount, each averaging half a hundredweight; and here we have a portion of the result—one calculated to throw some light on the early history and practice of the Court—perhaps, also, on popular manners and habits. The earliest date, however, is A.D. 1545—it having been up to the period of Elizabeth's reign the practice of the Registrar to sell or give away the volumes in which he made his entries. For what has been rescued we may therefore be grateful; and the editor is much to be commended for his diligence in preparing the present collection. The occasional notes which he has added well illustrate the text.

Neander's History of the Christian Religion and Church. Translated from the Second and Improved Edition. By J. Torrey. Vol. I.—This is an American version of Neander's elaborate Church History; acceptable as not only being more faithfully rendered in itself than any other, but as having adopted the author's latest corrections. These are, indeed, many and important; but Dr. Neander still holds fast to his original fundamental position in theology and in the contemplation

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of history. The bulky tome before us presents a transition of Neander's two volumes, thus subjected to revision. A new edition of the continuation has just appeared in Germany. Mr. Torrey intends to include in his version of this, now in the press, all the important additions and improvements which it contains. We shall have thus, we hope, a standard translation of this great and serviceable labour in the English language. The learned author has dedicated his work in its present more perfect state "to F. von Schelling, the Philosopher;"—and in so doing has shown an example of liberality which we hope may be followed, as it deserves to be, by other theologians.

Classic Readings in Italian Literature. By G. Canzianaro.—This is a selection of specimens from the best Italian authors, extending from the thirteenth century to the present time: apparently an humble labour,—nevertheless one exceedingly useful and which, in this instance, indicates a wide range of reading, more than ordinary judgment. Compiled with the purpose of presenting to the student a bird's-eye view, as it were, of the whole range of Italian literature, it succeeds well in its object. The editor has been careful to mark the three epochs into which such literature naturally divides itself. The first commences with the thirteenth century, in which a few prose writers, such as Matteo Spinello, Brunetto Latini, Ricordano Malaspini, Guittone d'Arezzo, and others, were produced:—these, too, had been preceded by the Troubadours of Provence. It is not, however, until the fourteenth century that we meet with a pure Italian prose style; when we find it suddenly rising into perfection in the 'Decamerone' of Boccaccio. The next remarkable works are Villani's 'History of Florence,' and the two hundred and fifty-eight tales of Sacchetti,—who in them imitated, with some success, the style of Boccaccio. But he is excelled in merit by the novelist Fiorentino. The second period comprises the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries,—and contains the names of Macchiavelli, Bembo, Guicciardini, Colliani, Caro, Bonifazio, Davila, and Redi, in history and general letters,—and those of the astronomer Galilei (Galileo) and of Magalotti the naturalist, as scientific writers. The third period, from the seventeenth century to the present time, is also rich in talent. We are here presented with a list of seventeen authors, from Gravino to Pellico, including the great names of Muratori, Giannone, Goldoni (the prolific dramatist), Gozzi, Beccaria, Verri, Alfieri, Ugo Foscolo, and Manzoni. Besides these, as scientific men, we may mention Spallanzani, Soave, Frisi, Filangieri, Coletta and Cagnoli. The extracts are accompanied with brief biographical and critical notices; which add to the value of the selection, by enabling the pupil to interpret the manner in which the authors are mutually related.

Life and Letters of the Rev. George Mortimer, M.A.—The subject of this biography was the rector of Thornhill, in the diocese of Toronto, Canada West,—and acquired some reputation both there and previously in England as an extemporaneous preacher. He seems to have been a man of moderate opinions and prudent habits. The correspondence and memoranda of himself and friends have been here compiled and arranged by "the Rev. J. Armstrong, British Chaplain of Monte Video, South America." We may mention, to somewhat adding to the interest of the work, that Mr. Mortimer was the third son of the well-known gun-maker, Mr. Harvey Walklate Mortimer, of Fleet Street, and brother of the Rev. Thomas Mortimer, the celebrated popular preacher. He was born 20th May 1784, and was introduced into life as a bookseller; but yielding to the influence of the late Mr. Joseph Butterworth, the law publisher, and M.P. for Dover, he took orders in 1811. It was not until 1832 that Mr. Mortimer left England for a Canadian settlement; his motive for which step was, it seems, not a religious but a secular one—"the improvement of his worldly fortune for the temporal benefit of his family." He was determined in his choice by the fears which he suffered for the prospects of his native country. His biography, too, even to an amusing degree, shares in the same alarm. "We are evidently," he writes, "in the state of a volcano; and everything seems to indicate a no very distant eruption, which may raze the foundations of the Church and State, and scatter misery and wretchedness, rapine and bloodshed, murder and destruction, over the face of the land." These be awful words—but we ween that they are not, for all

that, prophetic. The nation has survived the resignation of the Wellington Ministry—an event which appeared so terrible to Mr. Mortimer; and it will, we doubt not, likewise survive the perils which are now denred by Mr. Armstrong. As an embodiment of "national croaking," this book is entitled to some consideration. Unlike most biographies of this small kind, it has at any rate a point in it—a sting, as it were, to add a relish to its commonplaces. There are some thoughts on emigration, and reflections on Canadian life which will repay perusal. Mr. Mortimer owed his death to an accident,—his carriage having been upset and himself thrown violently against the stump of a tree. He died 15th June, 1844.

The Æneid of Virgil. Translated into English Verse. By the Rev. J. M. King. A new translation of the Æneid is to be justified only by its being both more elegantly and more accurately rendered than by Dryden and Pitt. The stiff and mechanical character of Mr. King's version is scarcely atoned for by mere verbal correctness. Virgil himself, as is here remarked, is distinguished for "the choice of his words and the modulation of his numbers." We miss both the selection and the harmony in the translation before us:—yet, the author proposes it as a means of making the Roman poet more popular than Dryden had left him. Dryden, according to Mr. King, "was too great a poet to submit to be a good translator." This remark involves an error itself furnishing a disqualification for the task which Mr. King has undertaken. None but a great poet can be a good translator of Virgil. Weygant to Mr. King all that he learnedly says concerning the defects of Dryden's version—but cannot find their remedy in his own; while it wants the beauties which are confessedly to be found in the former attempt. Has Mr. King succeeded in giving "any tolerable idea of that uniform magnificence of sound and language, that exquisite choice of words and figures, and that sweet pathos of expression and sentiment, which characterize the Mantuan poet?" In all these, he states that Dryden failed, and by inference that he himself has succeeded. Mr. King has laboured to be more faithful—but in spirit he is far inferior to Dryden. His powers, however, are respectable as a scholar; and in this respect there are many reasons why his version should be consulted, though it will not be substituted for that of his more gifted predecessor. His work abounds in minute faults of versification even,—the occasional recurrence of identical rhymes being one. Thus, the tenth book concludes with this ungainly couplet—
borrowing, too, the second line from Milton:—

Thus spake the chief, and, death no more refused,
Groaned out his soul, with gushing blood effused.
The rhymes abound in the most hackneyed correspondences—and even in regard to these it is evident that the writer's ear is wanting in refinement. Thus, we have "present" and "prevent," and other similar inelegant and careless endings. One more instance of such defects, and we have done:—

Where good Orontes on his deck is borne,
Towers a huge wave, then dashes on the stern,
And whelm the helmsman, from his rudder torn.

To say nothing of the oversight of "whelms" the "helmsman," this unfortunate attempt at a triplet settles the question as to Mr. King's qualifications to compete with glorious old Dryden.

Bradshaw's Railway Guide for the present month contains, in addition to the mass of useful matter with which it periodically supplies the public, a new feature to which we must not omit to direct the attention of our readers. It is accompanied by an improved map showing by a red line all such lines of railway as have the electric telegraph already laid down—and by a green one all those on which the laying down is in progress.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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FOLK-LORE.

THE FOLK-LORE OF SHAKSPEARE.
By William J. Thoms.

III.—Puck, or Robin Goodfellow.
My gentle Puck, come hither.

In the brilliant and animated picture which Shakspeare has left us of the Court of Fairy, its pomps and revelry, crowded as the canvas is with objects of beauty and interest, there is one figure which stands so prominently forward as instantly to arrest our attention—one figure on which, unmindful of the gorgeous imagery by which it is surrounded, the eye delights to dwell. It is not that of "jealous Oberon, captain of the fairy band"—it is not that of "proud Titania"—but it is the well-drawn and richly-coloured portrait of

that shrewd and knavish sprite
Called Robin Goodfellow.

And the object of the present paper is to show that, masterly as is the portrait as a work of Art, there is not one touch in it which is not based in truth.

In the character of Puck Shakspeare has embodied almost every attribute with which the imagination of the people has invested the Fairy race; and has neither omitted one trait necessary to give brilliancy and distinctness to the likeness nor sought to heighten its effect by the slightest exaggeration. For, carefully and elaborately as he has finished the picture, he has not in it invested the "Lob of Spirits" with one gift or quality which the popular voice of the age was not unanimous in bestowing upon him. What those gifts, powers, and qualities were, let Shakspeare tell us.—

Fairy. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Call'd Robin Goodfellow. Are you not he,
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skims milk; and sometimes labours in the quern;
And bootless makes the breathless housewife churn;
And sometimes makes the drink to bear no barm;
Misleads night-wanderers, laughing at their harm.
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck;
Are you not he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright.
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile.
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal;
And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And when she drinks against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd delpow pour the ale.
The wisest aunt telling the saddest tale,
Sometimes for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And "Tailor" cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the old quire hold their hips and laugh,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear,
A merrier hour was never wasted there.

The speech which Puck makes to fright the "crew of patches"—

I'll follow you, I'll lead you about, around,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier,
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound;
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fish;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn;—
and that in which he describes the trick that he has put upon Bottom—

An ass's now I fixed on his head,—
complete this masterly sketch. Let us analyze it, and we shall see how admirably and consistently has the imagination of Shakspeare, while thus "bodying forth the form of things unknown," incorporated, in this one picture in little, all the characteristics of the elfin race as they were preserved in the "Folk-Lore" of his day. And that this was done designedly and of aforethought can scarcely be doubted, when it is borne in mind that Shakspeare has designated this personification of the fairy tribe not by any imaginary title, but simply as Puck. For though "Puck" is now only applied to designate the "merry wanderer of the night," it was originally

a name applied to the whole race of fairies,* and not to any individual sprite. Nay, more, it is the name by which they are still designated by the peasantry of Friesland and Jutland; and when we remember how large a proportion of what are called our Anglo-Saxon progenitors migrated from those countries, it seems scarcely too much to say, with M. Kohl, "that the Jutes and Anglo-Saxons could not even get rid of the Pucks when they sailed for England."

Be this as it may, however, it will at least justify us in applying the curious information which this amusing traveller has collected on the subject of these Friesian sprites to illustrate the history and character of our own "sweet Puck." Puk, Niss Puk, Huispuk, Nisepuk, Wolterke, Nisebok, Nisske, Nisskuke, and Pulter Claas, are the names which are applied in those regions, according to the statement of Kohl,† to the domestic or household spirit. Of these Puk, or Niss Puk, is that which is most commonly bestowed upon him, as well by the Friesians as by the Jutes and Danes. And in every way, continues that writer, is the name of this spirit most remarkable; since it is the same under which he passed over into England,—where he plays the same pranks as on this side of the Northern Ocean, and where those pranks have been sung and celebrated by the greatest poet of that nation. What Shakespeare has so poetically related of the tricks and merry pranks of Puck is told at the present day, only somewhat more coarsely, by the peasantry of Friesland and Jutland.

The Puks, like the *Oemneereske*, or underground people, are small and dwarflike. They are described as wearing pointed red caps, long grey or green jackets, and slippers on their feet. They take up their abode under the roof; whither they go in and out at pleasure, either through a broken window, which no one ventures to mend, or through some other opening left for the purpose. As the Romans made offerings to their Lares and prepared food for them, so the Friesians set out on the floor a bowl of porridge for the Puk, who is not well pleased if it be not made more palatable by a bit of butter.‡ Although people generally feel a certain dread of these Puks, and do not very readily approach the places which they are known to frequent, these spirits are on the whole well disposed towards mankind and anxious to be on good terms with them. For, like the *Oemneereske*, the Puks are of themselves neither decidedly malicious nor beneficent. When pleased with the master of the house in which they reside, they take upon themselves at night the performance of all the household duties,§—wash and cleanse the rooms and furniture, bring in fodder, tend the cattle, and take care that everything thrives. Nay, so anxious are they that it should be so, that rather than fail they do not scruple to rob the neighbours. They are oftentimes heard in the middle of the night bustling over their work and going up and down about the house; and sometimes they amuse themselves by playing tricks upon the maids and servants, tickling them under the nose to make them sneeze in their sleep, pulling off the bed-clothes, and indulging in such other pranks as those which Shakespeare attributes to his celebrated Queen Mab. The tricks played by these Puks upon the Goodman of the house are oftentimes of so comic a character that one can scarcely conceive how they ever entered into the imagination of the people.

They tell a story of one of these Puks, who was once seen, in broad daylight, sitting outside a garret window, with his head resting idly on both hands,—and who amused himself by singing the praise of his own beauty, although he was frightfully ugly, and the roundness and symmetry of his legs, which he

kept bobbing up and down, although those legs were as thin as sticks; and thus he continued, now teasing the yard dog by holding out to him first one and then the other of his shrivelled legs,—and now mocking the servants and making faces at them, until at last one of the stable-boys crept up stealthily behind him and with a pitchfork pushed him down off the window sill. But down into the yard Puk never fell,—for nothing reached the ground but some broken potsherds and dirty straw. Puk was, however, greatly offended at the trick which had been played him, and soon took his revenge.

When these Puks are offended with the master of the house, they plague him so incessantly, and play him so many tricks, that he is at last fain to abandon his house. Yet it often happens that he does not, by so doing, get freed from his domestic spirit; for, like the "*atra cura*" of Horace, the Puks continue to follow him let him take as much pains as he may to keep his plans a secret from them. They conceal themselves in the waggon in which his household goods are packed up; and when, on the journey, they are discovered, and asked "What are you doing here?" they repeat the answer which the peasant had given to the inquiries of his neighbours—"Oh! we are moving to-day." Thus, the Jutes and Anglo-Saxons could not free themselves from the Puks when they crossed the seas to England,—for they followed them thither.

How striking is the resemblance between this account of the manner in which the Friesian peasant tells how the drudging Goblin sweat To earn his cream-bowl duly set

and that of our own sweet Puck! Their names are not more identical than their characteristics. For as the Friesian Puk when kindly disposed would, we see, do the work and give good luck to those who pleased him, so, on the other hand, he was as ready as our own hobgoblin "to fright the maidens of the villagery"

And bootless make the breathless housewife churn. The manner in which Puck's favour was bestowed on those "that Hobgoblin called him and sweet Puck" is also faithfully copied from popular belief as it exists in these islands as well as on the Continent. Thus, in Germany the favour of the elves is propitiated by bestowing on them such a name as *Gut gesell, nachbar, or lieber nachbar*; and in the Netherlands, *goede kind*—in Denmark, *gad dreng, kiarre gramme*, are names bestowed upon them with the same object. In Ireland, again, they are called the *good people*—in Scotland, the *good neighbours*; and Mr. Chambers† tells us that in the latter country "the fairies are said to have been exceedingly sensitive upon the subjects of their popular appellations. They considered the term Fairy disreputable; and are thought to have pointed out their approbation and disapprobation of the other phrases applied to them in the following verses:

Gin ye ca' me imp or elf,
I rede ye look weel to yourself;
Gin ye ca' me fairy,
I'll work you muckle tarris (vexation);
Gin gude neibor ye ca' me,
Then gude neibor I will be;
But gin ye ca' me seelie wicht,
I'll be your friend both day and nicht."

And Kirk, in his "Secret Commonwealth"—one of the most curious treatises on any subject connected with popular mythology ever penned—tells us, "These *Siths* or fairies they call *Steagh Maith*, or the Good People, it would seem to prevent the dint of their ill-attempts—(for the Irish use to bless all their fear harm off)." In the characters, too, which Puck assumes when his object is to

Mislead night wanderers, laughing at their harm,

* Crofton Croker, in the notes to his story of the Haunted Cellar, ("Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland," l. p. 143.), has collected several amusing instances of the failure of such attempts to get rid of these domestic spirits; and Grimm, in his "Deutsche Sagen," l. 98, relates a story of a peasant who, driven to desperation by the tricks of a Kobold, determined, by way of getting rid of him, to burn the barn in which the spirit had taken up its abode. Accordingly, having removed his corn from it, he set fire to the Kobold's retreat; and when the flames were at their height, was just congratulating himself upon being freed from his tormentor, when he heard his well-known voice calling out from the waggon on which he was removing his property—"It was quite time for us to come out! It was quite time for us to come out!"

† In page 32 (edit. 1842) of his very valuable, because obviously genuine, collection of Scottish Folk-Lore, entitled "Popular Rhymes, Fireside Stories and Amusements of Scotland."

—for which purpose he says,

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime adre,

—he is, as unquestionably, only taking upon himself forms which the spirits of popular belief were constantly in the habit of assuming. How very ancient and far-spread is the belief in spirits, or fairies, assuming the form of a horse, we learn from Gervase of Tilbury; who, in a well-known and oft-quoted passage of his "*Otia Imperialia*," speaks of a spirit which in England was called *Grant*,* and appeared in "likeness of a filly foal." "Est in Anglia quoddam demonum genus, quod suo idiomate *Grant* nominant ad instar pulli equini amniculi," &c.; and Mr. Keightley, in his "Fairy Mythology," has shown from Grose "that in Hampshire they still give the name of Colt Pixy to a supposed spirit, or fairy, which, in the shape of a horse, wickers, i.e., neighs and misleads horses into bogs, &c."—a prank which is exactly one of those that Puck plays when he assumes the shape of a horse "to make Oberon smile." Pluquet, in describing Le Goubelin or goblin of Normandy—who resembles Shakespeare's Puck in many particulars—tells us, among other things, that he sometimes takes the form of a handsome black horse,—but, woe to the unhappy traveller who is tempted to bestride him! and we learn from Mollie Bosquet that *Le Chevalier Bayard* is the name given to this Latin or goblin by the Norman peasantry. I have printed in the "Lays and Legends of Spain," p. 93, a curious account of a spirit horse, extracted from Torquemada's "Spanish Mandeville of Miracles," and also another extract from the same work, in which is an account of "two great black mastives," which are obviously evil spirits who have assumed that appearance.

This, then, is an authority, and one of which frequent instances might be adduced, for Puck's assumption of the form of a "hound." But the consideration of spirits in the form of hounds would almost form a chapter of itself. We will therefore pass that by for the present; as also that of Puck's self-transformation into a fire—by which, although it is not expressly stated, it is clear that Shakespeare alluded to the *Will o' the Wisp*. Grimm furnishes some instances of the Evil One assuming the shape of a "hog"; and, as in the transformations which Puck assumes the more malevolent features of the elfin character are discoverable, such instances as the present serve to show how, in the ever-varying phases of the popular mythology, the once harmless fairies have gradually got confounded with the spirit of evil;—a state of things to which the introduction of Christianity has no doubt greatly contributed.

What authority Shakespeare had for making his shrewd and knavish sprite take upon himself the shape of a bear I know not. Some such authority will no doubt be discovered. But the only connection between elves and bears which I remember to have met with is in the following Norwegian legend;—a counterpart of which may very possibly have been current in England when Shakespeare wrote, and we have suggested to him the transformation in question.

There was once a man up in Finnmark, who had caught a great white bear, which he determined to take as a present to the King of Denmark. Now, it fell out, that while he was on his journey, he arrived on Christmas Eve, at the village of Dovrefield; and accident brought him to the house of a man named Halvor, of whom he begged a night's lodging for himself and his bear. "Ah! God help me," exclaimed Halvor, "how can I give anybody a night's lodging? Why every Christmas Eve I have so many Trolls (Elves) come to this house, that I and all my family are obliged to quit it, and have not even a roof to cover us."

"Oh, you may give me a shelter for all that," said the man; "for my bear can sleep here behind the stove, and I can creep into the bed-press."

Halvor had nothing to say against this; but he and his family withdrew,—taking care, however, to get

* Grimm, "Deutsche Mythologie," ss. 232 and 946, points out the resemblance between this name and that of the malicious spirit *Grendel* in Beowulf. Grimm alludes also to the fact, as connected with this subject, that the Devil is represented in many places as being discoverable by his horse-foot.

† A High German poetical version of this legend occurs in a MS. of the 14th century preserved at Heidelberg. An analytical translation of it will be found in Grimm's "Essay on the Elves" in Croker's "Fairy Legends," ill. p. 131. et seq.

* More upon this point, when the curious subject of the names by which the fairies are designated in the writings of Shakespeare shall come under our consideration.

† Die Marschen und Inseln der Herzogthümer Schleswig und Holstein, von J. G. Kohl, band ii. s. 292, et seq.

‡ Kohl adds:—"The same custom is observed in the Erzgebirge at the present day; and the Letts, Cossaks, and other people say it was formerly practised among them."

§ So, in the very remarkable account of the domestic spirit *Hinzelman* which Grimm has given in his "Deutsche Sagen," l. 103, et seq., we find that precisely the same description of household duties was undertaken by that drudging fiend; and other stories in the same collection furnish similar instances. Thiele furnishes legends of the same character from Denmark.—Crofton Croker from Ireland,—and Chambers gives us a corresponding account of the Scottish Brownie.

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everything ready for the Trolls, and to leave plenty of rice-milk, dried fish and sausages upon the tables, and, in fact, everything necessary to make them a good feast.

As soon as they were gone, in came the Trolls. Some were large, some little, some had long tails, some none, and some had monstrous noses; but all ate and drank, and enjoyed the good things that were set before them. In the midst of their merriment, one of the little Trolls, who had espied the bear sleeping behind the stove, stuck a piece of sausage, on the end of a fork, and holding it under the bear's nose, called out "Pussy, pussy, do you like sausage?" Upon which the bear being roused and angered, began to growl so terribly that he soon frightened the Trolls, great and small, out of the house.

Next year, just before Christmas, when Halvor was in the forest chopping wood and making ready for a visit from the Trolls, he suddenly heard some one calling him by name "Halvor, Halvor." "Yes," said Halvor. "Have you got your great cat still?" "Yes," said Halvor, "and she has got seven kittens bigger and bigger than herself." "Oh!" said the Troll, "if that's the case, we won't enter your doors again!"—and from that time forth Halvor was never troubled with the Trolls again on Christmas Eve.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS.

Sept. 14.

THE period when two of the metropolitan institutions are abandoned and several others are struggling with their pecuniary difficulties appears to be a proper one for offering a few remarks upon "Mechanics' Institutions" and "Literary and Scientific Societies" in general.

When these aids to instruction were first started, they were looked to as one of the most powerful agencies for accelerating the moral and intellectual improvement of man. After the first experiment had been tried, so great was its success that there was scarcely a town of any size in England in which one of these organizations in some form was not attempted. The results which have sprung from the formation of Mechanics' and Literary Institutions are not directly evident; but although they may not have realized the hopes of their most sanguine founders, it is certain that they have assisted in diffusing over the length and breadth of the land a passion for knowledge which never previously existed in this or any other country.

The Mechanic was to have been schooled into the enjoyment of the delights of intellectual recreations; but it soon became evident that the machinery of these societies was more fitted for the middle than for the working classes,—and consequently, but few of these Institutions were in spirit what they professed to be in name. The British workman, with the prejudices of his class, found himself brought into connexion with another order of men full of the pride and prejudices of theirs. According to the rules of classometry (so very generally denied, but constantly discoverable) the mechanic was gradually moved out of any power in the management; and his place was occupied by some one whose claim was rather the smoothness of his hands than his intellectual acquirements or business habits. That current of pride which unfortunately perpetuates a marked system of castes amongst us continually turned up that feeling of distrust which prevents assimilation between men whose standard of position is regulated by false ideas—and the hard-headed and frequently the strong-headed man left with feelings of distaste the society where mere pretension and external appearances presumptuously assumed a superiority. From the operations of this evil,—which, had it been foreseen, it would have been difficult to regulate,—these Institutions have not worked as it was intended they should have done.

They have, however, effected much good. They have made men a little wiser—and consequently a great deal better;—and all the amenities of life have been largely increased.

It has happened, notwithstanding,—as it constantly happens in merely human institutions,—that the very machinery which was intended to be the means of advancing Truth has proved an active agent in retarding its progress.—This will be denied by those who look only to the diffusion of knowledge, regardless of its increase. Mechanics' and Literary Insti-

tutions have diffused wide our store of truths; but, instead of being the cause of one new truth being placed on the record of knowledge, they have nurtured a spirit which is not of the kind required for the investigation of natural phenomena.

Popular lectures and light literature give a certain amount of information in an easy and pleasant way; and, as the mind is seldom tried with a difficulty under this system, the habit of labouring after knowledge is lost. By acquiring knowledge easily, and by picking up a certain amount of conversable material at a cheap rate, habits of indolence—or at least of impatience—have been generated; and the great besetting sin of the present age is the result. As we now pass from one locality to another with a speed which outstrips the eagle's flight, and transmit our thoughts over space in an inappreciable time, so do we desire to pass from point to point in the dominions of knowledge. But as in the one case we only skim the surface and catch but rapid glances of its contour, losing even the details of its superficial adornments, so does it occur in the other; and we pass rapidly onward, pursuing some mirage of the mind's creation, regardless of the great truths which are hidden beneath our feet like buried gems, and require the exercise of thought and patient labour to develop them.—The genius of creation demands long and faithful wooing ere she will divulge her secrets and yield to man the benefits which ever wait upon a knowledge of great truths.

It must be evident to every one who will attentively observe the gradual operation of fugitive pleasures and such enjoyments as are acquired without labour on the mind, that their tendency is to generate habits of indolence,—from which grow feelings of distaste for those very things that appeared at first essential to our joys,—and consequently these are abandoned, or at least neglected.—The permanency of a Mechanics' Institution must depend upon the interest which every individual member takes in its progress; and as the regular attendance to hear lectures on Music and Mesmerism, Chemistry and Comedy, (all useful and interesting in their way,) leads to no fixed point, and consequently to no concentrating interest, the result is a habit of discursive reading without thought, and a general carelessness which operates by reflexion, as it were, to the destruction of the institution from which the bad habit grew. Thus have declined—from a continuance of the same system thus will perish—numerous of those societies which in the vigour of their youth promised to effect the high purpose of mental cultivation.

These remarks are offered from a firm conviction that a better system may be adopted; and that, without interfering with any pre-existing arrangements, a plan of operation might be introduced which would tend to the cultivation of those habits of thought and observation that now remain uncultivated.

The uneducated and the educated are alike curious. The inquiring spirit of the child follows all men, to a greater or a less extent, through life; but it is checked by the system which makes education consist in teaching words rather than ideas. If, however, the Institutions scattered over our islands would cater for this natural appetite, much benefit would result therefrom. A plan like the following suggests itself: and there are some few—very few—societies in which it is adopted with the most marked advantage. Let the members of each Institution organize themselves into classes, for pursuing some especial branches of inquiry which might be of immediate and local interest. Suppose Botanical, Geological, Mineralogical, Natural History, or Archaeological classes to be formed. The business of each member of each class should be to gather local specimens and collect local information. The interest which would arise from the habit of searching the hedgerows, the rocks, the sea-shore, or the fields—of studying antiquities in any form, or collecting traditional history—would very soon be sufficient to insure regular meetings of the classes. Every member bringing his little store of specimens or information, comparisons are made—knowledge is sought for and obtained. A record should be kept of the proceedings of each class. No matter would be too trivial for registration: and thus a mass of information would be accumulated which it would be impossible to obtain in any other way,—and which would be made available for general use. The advantages of a sys-

tem of this kind are numerous;—but principally it would tend to the cultivation of habits of observation.

The number of good observers are singularly few; and from the habit of resting satisfied with the mere superficial glance which men are accustomed to bestow on things around them arises that disposition, amounting almost to credulity, for believing every statement put forth with the assumption of truth. Valuable as classes for learning languages are, more important would be those which should teach the interpretation of the "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks," and "sermons in stones." II.

PUBLIC INSTRUCTION IN THE SCIENCES.

Sept. 13.

THERE is a remark in your notice of the 'Memoirs of the Geological Survey,' in reference to what is not unaptly termed "The Great National Anomaly in Bloomsbury," which is of peculiar value at this moment,—and, it may be hoped, has not escaped the observation of the members of the Commission of Inquiry. I allude to your suggestion, that "all such public places should be made educational"—that "the officers should be not merely curators and exhibitors, but public instructors"—and that, after the example of the Geological Survey, "their labours should not be confined to the production of papers, but employed in giving courses of lectures which would render the collections immediately useful."

The progress of Zoological Science, to take an example, is much retarded by the circumstance that few are qualified to promote it excepting those who, educated for the medical profession, have had an opportunity of studying Comparative Anatomy with the aid of such lectures as are given from time to time at the London Universities and Royal College of Surgeons. There are many excellent zoologists who, on account of their critical acumen in the discrimination of characters in the inorganic parts of animals, so to speak, are regarded of authority, wholly incompetent to demonstrate the organism of the subject from the want of that elementary course of instruction in Comparative Anatomy and Physiology which ought to be provided by the Government and to be accessible to all.

The officers of the British Museum should be of a denomination somewhat higher than "keepers," and the treasures over which they preside should be displayed for a purpose more dignified than the "incidental amusement of nursemaids and holiday-makers." There should be Professorships attached to the institution, as in Paris; and every facility should be offered to the young aspirant to learn. There should, moreover, be such a knowledge of the sciences manifested in the arrangement and naming of the collections as would enable students and fellow-labourers to consult them as standard authority.

To make the necessity for such a system of education more intelligible, it may be observed that among conchologists of the present day—whether occupied in the illustration of species of shells, on elementary treatises, or in generalizing on the mode of classification—not one is competent to undertake the anatomical demonstration of a mollusk; and it is a fact that we possess several genera in a fit state for dissection whose anatomy is wholly unknown to science.

Let us hope that the same spirit of activity which is manifesting itself with so much productive usefulness in the Geological Survey and Museum of Economic Geology—under the efficient auspices of such men as De la Beche, Owen, John Phillips, Andrew Ramsay, Edward Forbes, Joseph Hooker, Lyon Playfair, and Robert Hunt, who, remote from any petty jealousies, are honoured for their willingness to do good and to communicate—will, through the recommendation of the Commission, be extended to the British Museum.

L. R.

HERAPATH'S 'MATHEMATICAL PHYSICS.'

Kensington, September 13.

HAVING in your last inserted some observations founded in error on the above work, I trust to your candour to permit the following brief correction to appear in your next.

Towards the end of the first twenty lines of the Introduction is an allusion to the principle of gravi-

tation as one of the great agents of nature,—which the writer of the notice has been pleased to call "the hypothesis of Mr. Herapath," and to make it the basis of my book and of his objections thereto. Permit me to observe, that if he had read only the said Introduction a half through, or the three sentences which he has quoted in connexion with the preceding attentively, he would have discovered his error. There is no such hypothesis either assumed or implied in any part of the work.

What I have printed is open to be discussed and criticized by any one; but I beseech you not to allow the contributors to your pages to heap their sins upon mine, lest, having so heavy a load of my own, I should sink under the additional burthen.—I am, &c.

JOHN HERAPATH.

[We have complied with Mr. Herapath's wish by inserting his letter; but we think it would have been more satisfactory if he had briefly stated his hypothesis correctly, instead of merely charging us with error.

The author's words stand in evidence against himself; and we find nothing in either of his volumes to change the opinion which we had formed from our first attentive study of them. It is evident that Mr. Herapath is disposed, with many others, to refer all the great agents of nature to motion. His "intention is, if possible, to connect under one general and simple system heat, light, magnetism, electricity, galvanism, chemical combination, affinity, &c., with gravity, or as many of them as we can;—and to show how they all flow from only two properties of matter, namely, inertia and absolute hardness."

Not regarding the revival of the Newtonian doctrine of the origin of matter to be as likely a source of error as the hypothesis of the great agencies of material creation being merely manifestations of force—the one being according to our ordinary perceptions, whilst the other is only arrived at by the metaphysical refinements which have run ahead of inductive science,—on that alone did we raise our objections; and we certainly still think this view, unsupported as it is by any conclusive experimental evidence, a fundamental objection to the deductions of the author.]

THE LOGIC OF CHEMISTRY.

Sept. 14.

I am much mistaken if your observations in the critique of Mr. Herapath's work, in your last number, have not reference to the subject of some papers under the above title which you did me the honour to insert in your excellent work last year.

If forces proceed from centres, it seems clear that they must occupy space inversely as the squares of the distances:—but may not these forces radiate in that manner without their being absolutely the same forces? and may not heat, light, electricity, and bodies now supposed to be subject to chemical attraction be thus all recognized, although so different in other respects from one another? It is most gratifying to me to observe your expressions on these subjects, when you say, "We sincerely desire to see other labourers in the field who, avoiding the too common superficialities of the day, will dare to seek deeper than is ordinarily done for an explanation of the great phenomena of nature."

Once admit that all bodies are capable, when unopposed, of becoming radiant, and then perhaps it may be admitted that most bodies in nature will be under the same category; and that iron and gold will be radiant in their respective solvents, as heat, light, and electricity are in the atmosphere;—that is, *mutatis mutandis*, all bodies come under the general fact of radiation.

The force with which different bodies radiate varies accordingly as they are set free in media more or less opposing their extension; and thus, from the genial diffusion of warmth observably administered to the wants of animals and vegetables, to the more energetic dispersion of the subtle effluvia of bodies into a kind of atmosphere all around them, we may trace the universal law of radiation.

I am aware that I must not intrude on your valuable time; but were I to enumerate many well proved facts presented in our experiments on chemical affinity, and the various powers and forces set free in the large range of explosive bodies as well as in all the instances of elective attraction, I feel assured

of the necessity of admitting universal radiation as an important element of philosophic science.

SENEX.

[Although it is quite certain that at certain temperatures all bodies become volatile—or, as expressed by our correspondent, "radiate"—and it has often been conjectured that every hard body is surrounded by an atmosphere of its own nature, yet the experimental proof of this is wanting. Indeed, it appears from the experiments of Faraday (*Phil. Trans.* vol. 117, page 484), that there exists a limit to vaporization; and "that nearly all the recognized metals, the earths, carbon and the metallic oxides, besides the greater number of their compounds, are perfectly fixed bodies at common temperatures."

Although we desire to see evidences of the exercise of deep searching thought in all attempts made towards the elucidation of the truths of nature, we are equally anxious that the mind of each investigator should be as far as possible free from any hypothesis founded merely on a species of transcendentalism which had its origin in the metaphysical schools—and which lingering still amongst us, obstructs the free progress of our search after physical facts.]

LONGITUDES BY THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

WE find in a New York paper the following interesting account given of the results of certain experiments recently made in America, for the determination of the difference of longitude between three of its principal cities, New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, by means of the magnetic telegraph:—

The observations at the Washington Observatory were made by Prof. Keith; those at Philadelphia by Mr. S. C. Walker, and those at Jersey City by Prof. Loomis. These three Observatories were connected by a continuous wire; so that telegraphic signals might be exchanged between any two of them at pleasure. In some of the first experiments, signals were exchanged between Jersey City and Philadelphia, and also between Philadelphia and Washington; but it was found impossible to transmit signals directly from Jersey City to Washington. The power of the battery appeared inadequate to that distance. But on the 29th of July this difficulty was overcome. Twenty clock signals were given at Jersey City, and recorded both at Philadelphia and Washington; twenty signals were given at Philadelphia which were received at Jersey City and Washington; and twenty signals given at Washington were received at Jersey City and Philadelphia. Thus the comparison of the three clocks was perfect; and thus the original plan of observation was fully carried out. This was glorious success, and enough to repay the observers for all their past disappointments. The same complete set of signals has since been again exchanged between the three Observatories. The object of the observations has thus been completely attained.

The difference of longitude between Jersey City and Philadelphia, is four minutes and thirty seconds; and between Jersey City and Washington, twelve minutes and three seconds; omitting in each case a fraction of a second which can only be fully determined when all the observations have been completely reduced.

It is not uncommon to hear doubts expressed respecting the enormous velocity which is ascribed to the transmission of telegraphic signals. The experiments just noticed afford some information upon this point. They furnish the means of measuring the velocity of the electric fluid; provided the time employed in its passage from Jersey City to Washington, is not too small to be appreciated. Suppose the difference of longitude between the two places is exactly twelve minutes. Accordingly, when it is ten o'clock at Washington, it will be twelve minutes past ten at Jersey City. Let now a telegraphic signal be given from Jersey City. If that signal is heard at the same instant at Washington, then the Washington clock should indicate exactly ten hours. But if it requires one second for the signal to travel to Washington, then upon its arrival the Washington clock will indicate ten hours and one second; that is, according to this comparison, the difference between the Jersey City and Washington clocks will appear to be eleven minutes and fifty-nine seconds. Suppose again, that at ten o'clock a signal is given from Washington. If that signal is heard at the same instant at Jersey City, then the Jersey City clock should indicate exactly twelve minutes past ten; but if it requires one second for the signal to travel from Washington to Jersey City, then upon its arrival the Jersey City clock should indicate ten hours twelve minutes and one second; that is, according to this comparison, the difference between the two clocks appears to be twelve minutes and one second. The two comparisons differ by two seconds, or twice the time required for the signal to travel from Jersey City to Washington. Now, whatever may be the time required for the transmission of a signal, the difference between the two modes of comparing the clocks should amount to twice that interval, and the longitude derived from signals transmitted from Jersey City to Washington should be less than that derived from signals transmitted from Washington to Jersey City.

What now is the result of the experiments actually made? The longitudes derived from the two modes of comparing the clocks do really differ.—The difference amounts in some cases to one-third of a second. But, strange as it may appear, this difference is in the wrong direction. The longitude derived from signals transmitted from Jersey City to Washington is greater than that derived from signals transmitted

from Washington to Jersey City. The conclusion seems to follow, that a telegraphic signal is transmitted more than two hundred miles in less than no time. Observe that we now speak of absolute, not local time; for it is not doubted that a signal made at Jersey City at ten o'clock will reach Washington long before ten according to Washington time. The observations seem to indicate that a signal at Jersey City is heard at Washington before it is made at Jersey City; and also that a signal from Washington is heard at Jersey City before it is made at Washington. Such a conclusion will suit poetry better than science. It seems probable that the difference in question arises from the difficulty of estimating minute fractions of a second. This is indicated by the fact, that, on one evening, the Jersey City and Philadelphia clocks were found to tick together; and the signals being given coincident with the beats of one clock, the times of arrival coincided with the beats of the other clock. Thus there was no modes of comparing the ear to estimate, and the two fractions of a second for the clocks gave identical results. On several evenings the discrepancy in the observations amounted to about one-third of a second; and if we suppose each observer to err in his estimates by one-sixth of a second, the difference is explained; only we must admit that each observer, upon the arrival of a clock signal, estimates the time one-sixth of a second too soon; which seems to indicate that the signal is heard at a distant station before it is really made.

That this hypothesis is not without foundation has been verified in the following manner.—The three observers, Messrs. Loomis, Walker, and Keith, have met at Jersey City, and compared their methods of observation; more especially their modes of estimating fractions of a second. This was done by comparing solar time with sidereal time. The solar day is about four minutes longer than the sidereal; and a sidereal clock will therefore gain upon a solar clock, one second in about six minutes. A series of signals was transmitted from Jersey City to Philadelphia, at intervals of ten seconds; coincident with the beats of a solar clock, and the times recorded by Professor Kendall at Philadelphia upon a sidereal clock. The times were also recorded at Jersey City by a sidereal clock. These signals were continued for ten minutes, during which time the sidereal clock had gained more than one second upon the solar. The signals being all given coincident with the beats of a solar clock, the fractions of a second estimated upon a sidereal clock go on continually increasing, and pass through every possible value in about six minutes. In a period of ten minutes, the clock-beats must twice coincide. Now the ear can judge of a coincidence of beats with almost absolute precision; and having determined the instants when the beats coincide, we can easily compute what fraction ought to have been estimated upon the sidereal clock at each signal from the solar clock. Thus we obtain the error of each estimate of time on the sidereal clock. A similar set of signals was given at Philadelphia from a solar clock, and received at Jersey City upon a sidereal clock. The result of these trials was to detect a small error in the estimation of fractions of a second; and such as will explain in part, if not wholly, the discrepancy of the observations.

One important conclusion is deducible from these experiments, viz. that by means of the magnetic telegraph, a clock in New York can be compared with another of a distance of two hundred miles quite as accurately as two clocks can be compared in adjoining rooms. Another conclusion which appears to be authorized by these experiments is, that the time required for the electric fluid to travel from New York to Washington and back again, a distance of 420 miles, is so small a fraction of a second, that it is inappreciable to the most practised observer.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Berne, September.

Who can wonder that travellers, rapt in the grandeur of Switzerland's natural beauties and historical associations, should there have dwelt upon little else?—albeit, Heaven knows! as regards the former, they would most wisely spare their raptures unless they own such a voice of power as Byron when he almost improvised his 'Manfred' and 'Prisoner of Chillon' under the spell of the Wengern Alp and the Leman Lake. Who can wonder, further, if by this predominant greatness of Nature the discouraged imagination of Man has in art and in poetry put forth few and puny growths? Yet there are still, here, evidences of ingenuity and fancy in creation,—improvements, changes, &c. &c.—worthy of notice, if only as consciously or unconsciously reflecting the time, place, and circumstances under which they saw the light.

The character of the Swiss buildings, for instance, seems to deserve more respect and attention than has been bestowed upon it. It is true that every Aunt Elinor, whether she write upon architecture or not, has the pattern of the chalet by heart and upon her table; but until the traveller has studied it in all its modifications of canopied bridge, church passage, barn staircase, &c. &c.—compared it, when it is luxurious with galleries and scrolled and beaded carvings as in the nut-brown houses at Unterseen, with its homely estate in the rude construction of log and shingle which roofs across some nameless torrent,—he hardly becomes aware of the entire and various fitness involved in a beauty too often rated as accidentally and irregularly picturesque. Thus, again, the buttressed piazzas of Berne—which at first

etch the e every house come expli when it is re when of torr worn by ev to storms c with with e The lofty b the city is arches; b the "Al" turned aw an elabora the Guide but the mo in its style th Close up been just rising up Europe,— proportion the time, t of contribu Zingheren age. It is a timely case) cert the limitat head is no a fondness somnolity. prettily fast the nire, h old Duke nobles in rifice abo A plainer sitting,— fancy will

Such opportu channels, of this da many of terv—st house. them the chances property London vious ev determin upon th nation is not suffi bility to biddings to the au tes, and the inte effect.— Sept. 1 London year's milites constituti expended by publi upon the ration, large an regard t consider charge which the Com the Str the Lon Strafor It is fa part of spirit. bidding trustee place, ties un no one the hu

match the eye unpleasantly, giving to the walls of every house a certain air by their sloping lines—become explicable and reasonable, if not beautiful, when it is recollected that we are in the capital of a land of torrents and avalanches whose own ramparts are worn by the restless Aar, and where resistance to storms can hardly fail to have been the primary aim with every man laying one stone upon another. The lofty bridge over which the road is now led into the city is but a simple affair of two or three vast arches; but what a feature does it make in the grand landscape, even in eyes rendered exigent as to scale by the "Alps above Alps" from which they have just turned away!—a feature worth far more than such an elaborate construction as the Minster, called in the Guide Book "a beautiful Gothic building," but the most jumpish and inexpressive specimen of its style that I remember ever to have looked upon.

Close underneath the walls of this Minster has been just placed one of the new statues which are rising up "thick and threefold" in every city of Europe—new sculptors, alas! bearing but scanty proportion thereto. It is a noticeable feature of the time, that amateurs figure so worthily in the list of contributors. This bronze effigy of Borcholdt of Zürichen, the founder of Berne, claims such parentage. It is the work of a M. Tscherner. The figure is timidly modelled, with (as often happens in such cases) certain anatomical exaggerations to balance the timidity; but there is dignity in its pose, and the head is not without a certain elevation of expression. It was cast in Munich.—I presume at the Stiglmaier foundry. The pedestal is of grey Swiss granite, prettily fancied and nicely polished; too pretty and too nice, however, to be proper support to the grand old Duke whose strong hand could keep the robber-nobles in check, and to suit its position on the precipice above the stream with the High Alps in view. A plainer block of stone would have been more becoming—and (to come round, in conclusion, to the fancy with which this note commenced,) more Swiss.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

SUCH of our readers as may not have had the opportunity of satisfying themselves through other channels, will be looking anxiously to our columns of this day for the result of a matter in which we and many of them, have taken a more than ordinary interest—the public sale on Thursday of Shakspeare's house. We have great satisfaction in announcing to them that the relic is henceforth rescued from the chances of individual possession and has become the property of the nation. At a meeting of the joint London and Stratford Committees held on the previous evening, the course to be pursued was finally determined; and the gentlemen who have taken upon themselves to represent the interests of the nation in the matter resolved that these should not suffer in their hands from the fear of responsibility to a reasonable amount. Accordingly, after the bidings had reached 2,000*l.* a paper was handed to the auctioneer on behalf of the associated committees, and read aloud to the meeting. It contained the intentions of the Committee to the following effect:—

Sept. 16, 1847.—To Mr. Robins.—Sir,—We, the undersigned, deputed by the united Committees of Stratford and London for raising subscriptions for the purchase of Shakspeare's house, hereby offer a bidding of 3,000*l.* The Committees having purchased another property, which really constitutes an integral portion of Shakspeare's house, have expended a considerable part of the amount already raised by public contribution; but looking at the duty imposed upon them in undertaking to represent the feeling of the nation, they have come to the resolution of making this large and liberal offer for the property now on sale, without regard to the funds which they at present command, in the confidence that the justice of the public will eventually discharge the committees from the individual responsibility which they thus incur.—(Signed) T. ARNOT, chairman of the Committee of London; THOMAS THOMSON, chairman of the Stratford Committee; PETER CUNNINGHAM, treasurer of the London Committee; W. SHELTON, treasurer of the Stratford Committee.

It is fair to say that this liberal proceeding on the part of the national agents was met in the right spirit. Mr. Robins announced that the right to a bidding which had been reserved to himself by the trustee under whose direction the sale had taken place, for the protection of the interests of the parties under his care, would be at once waived; and if no one had an increase to offer on the public bidding the house should be knocked down to the com-

bined committees.—Thus for the present has this matter ended; and it may be hoped that the public will justify the faith which the members of their committee have had in their intentions. Measures have now to be taken for relieving them from the responsibility which they have voluntarily incurred,—and securing to the nation the fruits of their enterprise and exertions in the manner best calculated to ensure the preservation and increase the interest thereof.

The books containing the autographs of the visitors to Shakspeare's birthplace excited little interest at this same sale. All other glories look dim in the light of Shakspeare's,—and the great majority of these signatures are memorials of the essentially *inglorious*. A name is not more likely to catch the eye for being written on a pyramid. Mr. Charles Knight offered 50*l.* speculatively for the five volumes, on behalf of the committee; but, we rejoice to say, Mr. Butler bid above him, and bought the copy-books for 73*l.* 10*s.* The pseudo-portraits, chests, chains, &c., created little sensation, and fetched slender prices.—The show-box is broken up; and we hope the liberality of the nation will enable the committee to convert it into a Shakspeare Institution.

The Common Council of the City of London will have nothing to do with a Stratford monument to Shakspeare; but Sir Peter Laurie has given notice of a motion for the subscription of a sum of money towards the erection of one in the metropolis. Sir Peter, in giving it as his opinion that Shakspeare is the greatest man who has ever lived, made no express exception in favour of himself. It is certain that the bard and his eulogist deal with the moralities after a different fashion:—and a testimonial to Shakspeare in the City of London, even if obtained on the latter's suggestion, would scarcely be one to Sir Peter Laurie, Knight and Alderman.

While speaking of the common sites which genius has hallowed into shrines, we may mention that a large party was, according to the Scotch papers, recently assembled at Burns's Cottage in Alloway, for the purpose of formally inaugurating a fine and spacious hall lately erected at the rear of the cottage—the foundation-stone of which was laid in January last, on the poet's birth-day. This addition to the accommodation at the cottage has been rendered necessary, says the *Scotsman*, in consequence of the great number of visitors who now, since railways have given facilities for travelling, annually visit the "banks and braes o' bonny Doon."

We may mention, for the benefit of those Fellows of the Statistical Society whom the knowledge of the arrangement may not yet have reached, that several of the Fellows having expressed a desire to complete their sets of the Statistical Journal if they could be permitted to purchase the back numbers of this valuable record at a reduced price, the Council have determined to permit the sale of these back numbers, to Fellows only, at half the publishing price.

The daily papers announce the death of the Rev. Dr. Pearson the Astronomer; one of the founders, and formerly president, of the Astronomical Society—and author of the well-known work on Practical Astronomy.

On Wednesday last a dinner was given to Mr. Leigh Hunt by the members of the Museum Club, as a mark of their congratulation on the occasion of the recognition by Government of his literary claim to a share of the public pecuniary gratitude. The project had been postponed from time to time by the absence from town of those who desired to join in the tribute; and nearly forty of his friends and admirers at length rallied round the veteran.

The first stone of the Sheffield Athenæum and Mechanics' Institute was laid on the 1st inst. by the Earl of Arundel and Surrey.

We have had notice of a private communication from Cambridge (U.S.) by which it appears that Mr. Bond believes himself to have seen one satellite of Neptune, and perhaps two. Mr. Bond is described as an accurate and conscientious observer. We shall probably have further details.—The American papers report that Mr. Hencke's newly discovered planet was observed at the National Observatory in Washington on the 11th and 12th of last month.

The *Observer* states that the late Dr. Chalmers has left a large quantity of unpublished manuscripts;

among which is a Commentary on the Scriptures as far as the Book of Jeremiah. Among the manuscripts fully written out, and in a fit state for publication, are the series of lectures which he, as professor of divinity in the University of Edinburgh, addressed to the students whose theological education was committed to his care. These lectures are understood, it is said, to be singularly original and brilliant. There has likewise been found among the correspondence which Dr. Chalmers carried on with nearly all the distinguished men of the present century a number of letters of a deeply interesting nature, sufficient to make, with a memoir of himself, four large octavo volumes. The whole of the rev. gentleman's manuscripts have been bought by Mr. Thomas Constable, brother-in-law of Mr. Cowan, the new member for Edinburgh, and son of Mr. Constable, the friend of Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Constable has given the enormous sum of 10,000*l.* for Dr. Chalmers' manuscripts—"a sum, we believe," says the *Observer*, "much greater than was ever before given for the posthumous works of an author. The largest amount ever before given under similar circumstances was 4,500*l.*—which Mr. Murray gave to the sons of Mr. Wilberforce for his 'Life and Correspondence.'"

We learn from the *Literary World*—an ably conducted and handsomely printed American periodical—that two biographies of interest are forthcoming in that country. Mr. R. H. Dana is engaged on a life of his brother-in-law Washington Alston;—and the life of Channing is preparing by his nephew, W. H. Channing.

At Amsterdam, a munificent book collector, M. Hison, has presented to the Royal Library a rich collection of rare books which he has assembled during his travels in nearly all the countries of Europe. Among the titles of the more valuable, the following two are named:—*Petri Alfonsi Summule XII.*, printed at Alost in 1474, by John Westphel and Theodore Martin—this copy being, it is said, the only one in existence; and the copy of the *Bull Retractionum* of Pius II. (Utrecht, without printer's name or indication of the year) which belonged to the Duke de la Vallière, and fetched 400 Louis d'or at the sale of his library.

The annual congress of naturalists is about to meet at Venice. We see it stated in the continental papers that Count Giovanelli, President of the Venetian Society of Naturalists, has disbursed 1,000,000*fr.* in making the necessary preparations in his palace for the sittings. A great number of savans from different parts of Europe, and upwards of 10,000 foreigners, have already arrived at Venice.

ST. MARK'S, VENICE.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.—NOW OPEN, with a new and highly interesting Exhibition, representing the INTERIOR OF ST. MARK'S, at VENICE, justly considered one of the most magnificent temples in the Christian world; and a VIEW OF TIVOLI, near ROME, with the Cascades, &c. The picture of St. Mark's is painted by M. Dione (pupil of M. Daguerre), from drawings made on the spot expressly for the Diorama by the late M. Reaumur. The View of Tivoli is painted by M. Bouton. Both pictures exhibit various novel and striking effects of light and shade. Open from Ten till Five.—Admission, Saloon, 1*s.*; Stalls, 3*s.*

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—LECTURES ON CHARACTER, with Musical Illustrations, by Mr. J. RUSSELL, accompanied by Dr. Wallis, on the Piano-forte, every Evening, at Eight o'clock, except Saturday. Dr. Bachofner's Lectures on Natural Philosophy will comprise the subject of the Electric Telegraph, &c. Chemical Lectures. To the Working Models, explained daily, has just been added GALLOWAY'S APPARATUS for ascending and descending INCLINED PLANES ON RAILWAYS. The beautiful Optical Effects include the last Dissolving Views, Diving Bell and Diver, with Experiments, &c. &c.—Admission, 1*s.*; Schools, Half-price.

FINE ARTS

A Sketch of the History of Painting, Ancient and Modern. By Ralph Wornum.

While the subject of Art, ancient and modern, has engaged the pen of talent in almost every European language, in its forms of history, critical disquisition or biographical notice,—our own country and our own language have been chiefly confined to such professional lecturing as a Reynolds, a Barry, a West, an Opie or a Fuseli have delivered from their respective chairs, or such individual biographies as a Walpole, a Pilkington, or a Cunningham have given. For the most part, these publications have dealt mainly in the speculations of personal bias or the records of personal practice:—for petty details and individualities are the natural records of an art whose highest employment has been the portrayal of individual physiognomy. The literature of Art,

recording its theory and practice, has not found a voice in our language until within the last few years;—and even now the new voice is conversant principally with translation.

Abundant as are the materials now scattered in the several languages of Italy, Germany, and France, Mr. Wornum in his modestly entitled 'Sketch' has made us desire that the conditions under which he has wrought had not imposed on him such narrow limits. "It is necessarily," he says, "brief on many points—and doubtless incomplete; as it comprehends a review of the progress of painting in every country where the art has attained a cognizable degree of development, extending over a period of nearly three thousand years, and comprising notices more or less characteristic, according to their respective positions, of all the most eminent painters, from the earliest ages to the present time."—To give a general view of the history of painting as concisely as possible is what he desires—referring those who would go deeper into the subject to the sources of his own information for details which his own plan did not permit.

Of Mr. Wornum's work, the history of Art from its practice among the Egyptians to the capture of Constantinople and its importation into Italy is probably the most interesting part. The ground is here less trodden; and the sketch, seeing the variety of sources whence it is derived, has the merit of comprehensiveness, and exhibits the author's judgment in the rejection of all such extraneous circumstances as would contribute nothing for his purpose. Though Moses says nothing of painters, there can be no doubt that, employed as the Jews were by the Egyptians in all their public works, in Mr. Wornum's words, "the arts of the Jews were the arts of the Egyptians." Of Egyptian pictorial art the author refers to the specimens which the British Museum now contains—in a certain simplicity of look, in matter or manner, bearing no slight resemblance to specimens of early Italian fresco influenced by examples of the Greek mosaics. These Egyptian pictures exhibit even relief in as high a degree as the examples of early Florentine Art.

"The patriotism, or perhaps the egotism, of the Greeks," says Mr. Wornum, "endeavoured to assign to painting, in Greece, a Greek origin; and various anecdotes relating to its accidental discovery or invention are recorded by ancient writers. These, however, are mere traditions: an art like painting was not invented at once. It is doubtless one of the natural channels of the activity of the human mind; and, after a certain stage of civilization, is to a certain degree natural to man under all circumstances."

Cimon of Cleone, supposed to be contemporary with Solon, appears to be the first painter of any character in Greek Art. From his being the earliest to take oblique views or foreshortenings of the figure, Pliny says, he was called *Catagrapha*. He distinguished the sexes—giving the variety or essential differences of form, besides great variety in accessory matter. Ægina, Sicyon, Corinth, and Athens gave every encouragement to the Arts for decorative purposes, either applied to domestic matters, vases, or furniture. Polygnotus came to Athens from Thasos 463 years before the Christian era; and for more than two hundred years afterwards Athens maintained her supremacy as the capital of Greek Art. A remark of Aristotle suggests that Polygnotus aimed at and achieved the ideal character in design—for which a perception of form and a power in expression fitted him. His treatment of moral character obtained for him the cognomen of *Ethnograph*. The most important of his pictures are described by Pausanias as having been in the Lesche, at Delphi, next to the Temple of Apollo. He was, thus, the first who gave a dignified application to the powers of his art, and raised it in the esteem of his countrymen. Dionysius of Colophon and Micon and Panæus of Athens bring us down to the time of Apollodorus. The latter surpasses Dionysius and all others who had previously distinguished themselves in respect of his treatment of light and shade, gradation and reflection. Dionysius operated by a gradation of light and shade, or a gradual diminution of light; but in the works of Apollodorus there was also gradation of tints—the colour gradually diminishing and changing with the diminution of light. Of Zeuxis of Heraclea the story of his celebrated Helen is once

more told. The stories of the illusive pictures painted by him and Parrhasius are possibly at best but fables, tending to prove that imitation involving exactness and completion was sedulously pursued by the Greeks in their art. Parrhasius is said to have combined the effect of Apollodorus, the design of Zeuxis, and the invention and expression of Polygnotus. Timanthes of Sicyon gives Mr. Wornum occasion to mention a work which has exercised the criticisms of the world, ancient and modern, it is believed, more extensively than any other,—the sacrifice of Iphigenia. Agamemnon *hiding his face* has been the subject of much critical power—and some error. Fuseli says "he was unprepared with chronologic proof to decide whether Euripides or Timanthes fell first on this expedient;" but Mr. Wornum observes that the "expedient" was made use of by Polygnotus long before, according to the description given by Pausanias of the picture of the Destruction of Troy. "Here," says Pausanias, "the infant is represented holding his hand before his eyes through fear" of looking on the events which are passing before him.

During the Alexandrian period, Mr. Wornum says:—"The differences of the various masters were chiefly in external qualities; and much the same transition from the essential to, the sensuous in Art took place in the schools of painting in Greece in the time of Alexander as, from existing specimens, we know to have transpired with the schools of Italy in the seventeenth century. The principal works of the Florentine and Roman schools, during their best period, when compared with the works of the Bolognese, Lombard, and Venetian painters of a subsequent period, show fully the transition spoken of: and, as far as can be judged from Greek and Roman writers, appear to illustrate the respective relative positions of the schools of Greece during the times of Pericles and Alexander. The form became paramount over the essence."

In the account of Pamphilus, in the 4th century before Christ, we read of his celebrated school; among whose disciples are enumerated Apelles—though, according to Plutarch, he "attended the school more on account of its celebrity than of any instruction that he was in need of." In a note appended to the description of the course of study which the pupil underwent, speaking of anatomy Mr. Wornum says: "the anatomy or dissection of the dead subject, whether practised by the Greeks or not, is of little or no service to the painter or sculptor;" and again,—"and the mere knowledge of the origin and insertion of muscles could avail little towards a comprehension of their various forms on the healthy living subject." The process of investigation by demonstration on the living figure would, we must tell Mr. Wornum, entirely fail of producing anything like accuracy in the description of the parts or precision in touch with the pencil or with the chisel—more particularly in the treatment of joints and tendons—and most especially in that of the shoulder and knee or the muscles of the forearm or shoulder-blade and back. We should scarcely have expected at this hour to meet with any one knowing in Art who would contend that the author of the back of the 'Theseus' or of the abdomen of the 'Ilyssus' was ignorant of the structure, anatomically, of the human figure. These works are the certain results of most careful scientific inquiry. For the statue of the 'Apollo'—where all is convention, even to proportion—we would not so contend.

In speaking of the school of Thebes, of which Nichomachus was a conspicuous disciple, we are informed by Ælian that "all painters and sculptors who practised their arts in Thebes were compelled to execute their own portraits or busts, to the utmost of their ability, as a proof of their proficiency; and that those artists whose works were considered inferior or unworthy of their profession should be heavily fined." "Such a regulation," says Mr. Wornum, "if impartially carried out, must have had a very beneficial effect, by intimidating inefficient persons from degrading the public taste by unworthy productions." In recounting the works of Aristides, we read of the picture-scrubbing process which has lately excited so much notice amongst ourselves:—"Among the pictures by Aristides at Rome there was one of a tragic poet and a boy, which was destroyed by a picture-restorer to whom the pretor Junius had given

it to clean, before the celebration of the Apollinaria. Nearly two thousand years ago, there were probably as many destructive picture-cleaners as there are at the present day: not that pictures do not require cleaning—but this necessary process is too often undertaken by incompetent persons."

The time of Apelles brings us to the period when grace and refinement were produced by the painter. The story told of the visits that passed between him and Protogenes, when instead of "leaving their cards" they drew on each other's canvasses, is apocryphal; but sufficient is established by the mere anecdote to show the precision and power which these masters had in drawing. Following Greek painters of less note brings us down to Echion; who has the credit of having executed one of the most interesting objects still preserved in the Vatican—the Allobrandini Marriage.

After some remarks on the convulsions in Greece, we are introduced to the Roman Period; when the lowest class of subjects—still life, demanding mere imitation—was executed. Then comes portrait-painting. Mr. Wornum says, "There are three distinct periods observable in the history of painting in Rome. The first or great period of Greco-Roman art may be dated from the conquest of Greece to the time of Augustus, when the artists were chiefly Greeks. The second, from the time of Augustus, until Diocletian: or from the beginning of the Christian era to the latter part of the third century,—during which time the great majority of Roman works were produced. The third comprehends the state of the arts during the Exarchate; when Rome, in consequence of the foundation of Constantinople and the changes it involved, suffered similar spoils to those it had previously inflicted upon Greece. This was the period of the total decay of the imitative arts among the ancients; though the Byzantine school was a Christian development from what remained of the heathen art. As already observed, Roman painting was chiefly characterized by portraiture. It is the earliest age of which we have any notice of portrait painters as a distinct class (*imagines pictæ*). In the early practice, these portraits were engraven on shields, and dedicated in the public temples as trophies or memorials of the deceased. Pliny laments that such should have taken the place of representations (wax busts, for the most part) which resembled the originals as much as possible in form and colour.—Painting went on declining in the Roman States until it became the by-word of the satirist.

In the mosaic discovered some few years since in the Casa del Fauno, representing a battle—which Mr. Wornum supposes to be a copy—there is a much higher feeling and more complete delineation, even to foreshortening, than is ordinarily met with in the pictures of Pompeii and Herculaneum. The latter, however, were just such decorations as the owners of these marine villas were likely to demand—might be executed with facility, and at no very great cost. We have satisfied ourselves by a careful examination of them that a power and taste existed of a much higher kind; but that just such an amount of detail and completion was indulged in as in France or England would now be employed for decorative purposes—themselves indicative of a higher condition of Art. Many of the pictures now preserved in the Museo Borbonico at Naples attest this superiority in intention, though their execution is slight. The Baths of Titus—whose decoration had such an influence on Raphael and his scholars—are, as it were, the links between early and modern Art. The connexion between the old and modern days of practice brought about by that discovery has been ably traced by our author. The establishment of the Exarchate at Constantinople—the Plunder of Rome by Alaric and Genseric, and the removal to Carthage by the latter of much valuable Art-treasure—and the fury of the iconoclasts in the eighth century—conduct us to the time when Constantinople was taken by the Venetians early in the thirteenth century.

"Before entering," says our author, "upon a consideration of what is termed the Renaissance, a retrospective view is necessary. The early Christians had a decided aversion to all works of imitative art, as essentially conducive to idolatry; thus evidently overlooking the art itself, and supposing a

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necessary ultimate object independent of it. It was for several centuries after the placing of images was tolerated and encouraged by the Roman Church that this aversion can have been overcome: and doubtless the very unnatural and purely representative style of design of the early ages of Christian art is due to it, resolving itself into a kind of superstition awe and dread of approximating the forms and appearance of the idols of the Pagans. In early times the image was not worshipped, but what it represented, so that an intelligible impersonation was fully adequate to the desired end. It is quite evident that no early work of Christian art was produced as Art, but as a symbolical inculcation of certain religious principles. The ancient schools of Art were numerous; a principal object was to convey pleasure and produce effect by fine forms and beautiful colours. Such ends probably never entered the minds of the early Christian artists; and the suggestion of such an innovation would have appeared, probably, sacrilegious, or not less heretical than a suggestion to change the forms of prayers. The image would have immediately become a Pagan image. Similar restrictions, though from a different cause, were imposed on Egyptian artists, down to the Greek conquest. There is this, however, to be observed, that Paganism seems to have consisted in the form, not in the colour, of an image. The above motives cannot be asserted with certainty, but they may be inferred; for the early Christians commenced their works of Art at a time when fine works of antiquity must have been common in every city and almost in every street. Imitation is not difficult, and man is naturally prone to imitate. The absence, therefore, of this imitation, for it scarcely exists in the most remote degree, supposes the presence of some animosity or active predisposition prohibiting it. * * The typical style, therefore, first adopted from religious prejudice, became sanctioned by use, and in time became sacred, at least from long habit, if not from principle or positive injunction."

It was not till the third and fourth centuries, when Christianity was more firmly established, that images began again to be tolerated. At Nola and Fondi they were introduced into two churches of St. Felix, by the Bishop of Nola, Paulinus. He is said to have resorted to the expedient of decorating these churches with illustrations from the Bible and the lives of the Martyrs, "trusting by these means to elevate the feeling of the populace, and to draw them from their gross sensuality to the contemplation of a higher state, and to a more worthy expenditure of their leisure hours." In the fifth century mosaic painting decorated the church with illustrations of the martyrdom of the Saints. The Basilica of St. Paul four miles Mure was so enriched by order of Leo the Great—the Lateran church under Hilarius—and Sta. Maria Maggiore for Simplicius. At Ravenna, in the church of St. Stephen, the Emperor Maximian followed the example of the Popes. The Roman catacombs also furnished occupation for the Arts. In a chamber on the Via Appia, under the church of St. Sebastian, occurs a bust portrait of Christ—supposed to be the earliest of the portraits and to have served as the type of subsequent ones. They correspond with the description in the apocryphal epistle of Lentulus. The Veronica is next described—together with its well-known history; and the economy of the decorations of the apsis or tribune in the basilicas. All these are corroborated by the illuminated manuscripts of the time—and they were for the most part the productions of the monastery. Some of the portraits—part of the series of the Popes which were not destroyed in the late conflagration of the basilica of St. Paul—show, in addition to the illuminations, the pictorial powers of the Middle Ages.

With the account of the manuscript illumination, practised by the Frati in every country, the history is brought to the thirteenth century; when Giunta di Pisa, and Guido di Siena, in painting, and Nicolo di Pisa, in sculpture, are among the most prominent agents in the revival of Art. To us it has always appeared that the sculptors Pisani carried their art—as is evidenced in the High Altar at Arezzo and the façade of Orvieto Cathedral—beyond the inspiration furnished them by contemplation of the Sarcophagus in the Campo Santo at Pisa,—alleged by Vasari and others to have been its source. Having traced the Art from the first notices of it in Sacred

Writ to this period, Mr. Wornum proceeds with its history down to our own times; using Vasari as his text-book to the days of Michael Angelo and Raffaele and their schools,—and giving sketches of the biographies of the principal artists, with such critical reflections as show his taste and reading. He traces the decadence through the Pietro Cortonas, Solimenes and Carlo Maratti to the days of Raphael Mengs and Pompeo Battoni. On the German, Flemish, Dutch, French, and modern German, and English to our own day, he is equally comprehensive and concise. To follow him through these various epochs would be to extend a notice far beyond the limits of such space as can be here devoted to the subject. To the student and amateur the book may be safely recommended as a compendium of all that is known to have been done in the history of Art; and in it, taken together with Lord Lindsay's work on the same subject,—though the latter has been undertaken in a more exclusive spirit—we have a valuable addition to the literature of Art in our native tongue.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Jenny Lind as Amina. Drawn by E. Walker, engraved by B. Holl.—This is one more to the dozens of portraits with which the town is annually inundated of any popular singer or actor—and not superior to most of its predecessors. To the lady herself this version of her physiognomy must be anything but flattering—all the peculiarities of her face being here insisted on to ugliness. To ourselves, who do not recognize her claims to beauty, it yet seems an unsatisfactory translation of her sweetness and simplicity of expression.

The Last Supper. By Lionardo da Vinci. Engraved by A. L. Dick.—This line engraving—a copy from the celebrated print by Raphael Morghen, and executed with much ability—will be viewed with additional interest from two or three circumstances. First, because during its progress the engraver's sight failed him. The minutiae of the print—the table-cloth itself—were enough to test the strongest optic nerve. Secondly, as it is a perpetuation, by copy, of Morghen's celebrated translation—now become exceedingly rare and expensive—and here to be sold for a guinea. Above all, it is to be valued as a record of the great original; which, as seen at this day in the refectory of the Dominican Convent, is but an apparition of its former self. With the original itself, then, we cannot compare this print; but with its acknowledged best copy, by Marco d'Oggione, in this country, we can—and we find that the engraver has preserved much of its character. Seeing how much he depends on the sale of this print, from the serious nature of the calamity which has befallen him, and the extremely low price at which it is offered, it may be hoped that the sympathy and generosity of British artists and amateurs will be extended towards the former—and they, in return, will possess themselves of a version of Lionardo's great work evincing much ability.

The Gallery of Nature. This is a highly interesting work, publishing in numbers,—embracing matter geographical as well as statistical; accompanied by notices of the phenomena to which the various sites are subject, and illustrated with maps, views, and incidents beautifully engraved on wood, that place every thing before the mind of the reader in a vivid and impressive manner. The typography and general getting-up are not the least among its attractions.

Thoughts on the Cameos and Intaglios of Antiquity, by a Lover of the Fine Arts. These thoughts, though privately printed, have been submitted for our opinion. They contain much valuable information on the subject of the history of the arts named,—quoted from Greek and Latin authors; and a slight chronologic sketch brings them down to the day of the Medici. The advantages derived from the study of such Art, as seen in the works of Raffaele and Michael Angelo, are insisted on; and the testimony of our own Reynolds is adduced in confirmation.

Heath's Illustrated New Testament.—Parts I. to IV. present an assemblage of riches in the way of woodcut borders and vignette subjects which combine to make a picturesque book—but can scarcely be considered in a higher character than as pretty frivolities in Art.

The Illustrated Edition of the New Testament comes within the same category.

The Illustrated Shakespeare. With a Memoir by Barry Cornwall, is a serial reprint, with able illustrations on wood from designs by Kenny Meadows.

The Christian in Palestine continues its interesting memorials of scenes in Sacred History, with the explanatory descriptions of the Rev. Henry Stebbing.

The Pictorial Bible is in progress of re-issue, by Charles Knight.

Memorials of Shakespeare and His Birthplace at Stratford-on-Avon.—This is another offering to the popular interest of the day; which receives added value from the fact recorded in another column of our present publication—an important portion of the objects here represented having now become the property of the people. On a single sheet, Mr. Ford, of Holywell Street, has assembled the various objects susceptible of pictorial presentment which constitute the relics at the poetical shrine of Stratford-upon-Avon. The autograph of Shakespeare, with copies of the Chandos Portrait and the portrait prefixed to the first edition of his works, accompany various views of his birthplace and his tomb, and of objects around on which they have reflected their own consecration. The Market Place, the Court Yard of the School, the Remains of an Ancient Font found in a garden and since restored, and the Boundary Elm of the Borough are associated with outer and inner aspects of the house where the poet is believed to have lived and of the temple in which he is known to sleep.

THE GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

The first special committee on the school to which we referred in our last week's paper was appointed by the Council on the 3rd November 1846,—and the second special or sub-committee to consider the recommendations made by the first special committee on the 23rd June 1847. This second committee was composed of the following gentlemen:—R. Monckton Milnes, Esq., James Robert Gardiner, Thomas Field Gibson, John George Shaw Lefevre, George Richmond, and Sir Richard Westmacott. We have no minutes of their meetings in the paper before us; but the committee have "duly considered the subject referred to them," and have resolved on the adoption of a Report containing twenty-four distinct resolutions. The first resolution is one of extreme importance, because it lessens the duties of the director of the school. The resolution is as follows:—

That a committee, to be named *The Committee of Instruction*, be appointed by the Board of Trade from the Council; to consist of five members: three at least of whom shall be artists by profession. This committee to have the general superintendence of the method of instruction pursued in the school; to select the examples and models to be used; and to satisfy themselves, either by their own observation or through an inspector appointed by themselves, that the duties of the instructors and students are efficiently performed; and that the attendance of all who are engaged in the business of instruction is punctual and regular. Three members of the committee to constitute a quorum, provided that two of them are artists by profession. The decisions of the Committee of Instruction not to require confirmation by the Council.

The fourth resolution defines the duties of the director. These duties are nine in number:—

To admit students to the Head School provisionally, with reference to the Council.—To attend, when required, the meetings of the Council, and Committees.—To report to the monthly or other meetings of the Council, upon matters connected with the material management of the Head School.—To write letters, and report upon, such matters as the Council may direct to be referred to him.—To correspond with, and give directions to, the masters of the Branch Schools on all matters connected with the instruction committed to them; reporting the same to the Council for their approval.—To receive and execute the orders of the Council respecting the artistical arrangements of the Branch Schools; the supplying them with casts, books of prints, drawings, and all things necessary for prosecuting the business of instruction.—To place himself in communication with eminent manufacturers in different branches of trade, both for the purpose of ascertaining their peculiar wants, and of affording them advice and assistance.—To prepare complete inventories of the objects of Art in the Head School and Branch Schools, comprising a technical description of each example; towards the formation of classified descriptive Catalogues.—Generally to carry into effect the directions of the Council in relation to these duties, and to devote his whole time, except vacations, to the business of the Schools.

The intermediate resolutions are of very little moment,—and hardly refer to the instruction recommended. We shall, therefore, pass to the sixth, which says, "That the arrangement of the course of instruction in the Head School shall be as follows:—*Class of Form, Class of Colour, Class of Ornament and Courses of General Lectures on the History,*

Principles, and Practice of Ornamental Art, and on the chief processes of Manufacture as connected with Design." In the elementary section of the *Class of Form*, which is common to the draughtsman and the modeller, the student will be taught drawing of geometrical figures from the flat, and elementary study of perspective; in the second stage, drawing of geometrical figures from the round, and the principles of gradation and projection of shadows; in the third stage, figure drawing from the flat and round, and anatomical studies by drawings from the flat and round; and in the last stage of the elementary tuition in the class, drawing from the living model, drapery in general and in relation to the figure. In the elementary section of the second class (the *Class of Colour*):—Painting in chiar-oscuro from antique casts of the figure and ornament will be taught, with painting from coloured examples of the figure, flowers, fruit, shells, and from nature—and the elementary principles of water colour, tempera, oil colour, and encaustic. In the third and last class the *Class of Ornament* (common to the draughtsman, the modeller and the painter), the masters are to teach "drawing and painting from the flat and (modelling) from the round, from casts of various ornaments and from nature, including the figure, animals, plants, flowers, fruit, shells, portions of trees, foliage, &c.—landscapes." Such are the three courses of instruction recommended to be pursued in the three elementary sections of the three classes. But this is not all that is to be taught. Each class is to hear "explanatory lectures":—the *Class of Form* "on geometry, perspective, and light and shade," and "on form and motion, proportion and anatomy;" the *Class of Colour* "on the modes of painting, on the principles of colour and the value of colours;" and the *Class of Ornament* "on structural botany, contrast and arrangement of colours, grouping of plants and flowers in ornament,"—"on the conventional treatment of flowers as ornamentally applied to various fabrics,"—"on the history, principles, and styles of ornamental art,"—and also "Special Explanatory Lectures upon the particular Designs in Progress." From this it will be gathered that "Design" is really to be taught in the School. The Committee recommend it strongly; and in the Report before us have laid down what the masters are to teach in each of the three Design Sections. In the Design Section of the *Class of Form* the Committee recommend "Design conversant exclusively with Geometrical Forms, such as Tessellated Pavement, Floor-cloth, Iron-work, Book-binding, Cabinet-work, forms of Pottery, &c., with Designs by way of exercise of the nude Figure, in various actions, such as flying, leaping, pulling, pushing, &c.—marking the muscles on which such actions depend, and with drapery." In the *Class of Colour* the student will have to make "Designs in Grisaille and in Colours; and in the *Class of Ornament* "Designs of Arabesques of Flowers, Creeping Plants, &c., as adopted in decoration; Paper-staining; Cotton Fabrics; Carpets and Silk; Pottery, China, and Glass; Papier Mâché; Inlaying in Wood, &c.; Landscape Designs as applied to House Decoration, and Metal-work for Carving, Chasing, &c." Then follow the Resolutions founded on the previous recommendations. These are seventeen in number; and the most important have been already printed by us [ante, p. 892].

The recommendations of the Committee are of such importance, and the present state of the School is a matter of so much moment, that we shall postpone a yet further consideration of the subject to another and early occasion. In the mean time, we are assured that the Director has not resigned:—though it is said that several of the Council have followed the course of which he was rumoured to have set them the example.

FINE ART GOSSIP.—The Goldsmiths' Hall, in the City of London, the work of Philip Hardwick, R.A., is one of the best of our modern public buildings,—though on one side almost wholly concealed by an inferior structure, the General Post Office of Sir Robert Smirke. The Company, it seems, has been so long used to this unfortunate concealment of one front that it has now determined on disfiguring the other. The bricklayer has been called in; and a sort of wen, or excrescence, abutting from the building, and wholly out of character, is now in course of erection. If the kitchens in the Hall be inconvenient

for the proper dressing of turtle or the refinements in cookery—which the goldsmiths so completely understand—the architect must give way to the epicure; and Mr. Hardwick's fine elevation must, of course, be disfigured by the outhouse and chimneys of this unsightly addition.

The new Rectory in Piccadilly is now nearly complete;—and when we think of the old house we find additional occasion to regret the new. The old Rectory was designed by Sir Christopher Wren—and was in harmony with the church immediately adjoining: but this overtops the church,—and is therefore quite the other way. It was said of Soane's old Treasury, that it was making a kind of curtesy to Inigo Jones's Whitehall; but now Mr. Barry has caused Whitehall to make a curtesy to the Treasury. So it is with the bricklayer of the new Rectory:—he has sunk St. James's into a hollow, and made the church look as if it were paying reverence to the rectory.

Mr. Samuel Cousin's etching from the whole-length portrait of the Duke of Wellington, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, promises well for the ultimate condition of the print. The master's hand may be already described, from the extreme delicacy with which the forms of the head are put in to the more vigorous massings of the drapery or accessories.

Mr. E. M. Ward's picture of the 'South Sea Bubble' has obtained the Fifty Pound prize at the Liverpool Exhibition; whither it had been sent with the permission of Mr. Vernon, the proprietor.

Complaints are rife of the injury which the Chantry statues and busts have sustained since their removal from the artist's studio to the Taylor Gallery at Oxford. All the casts have been cleaned and oiled and painted and spoiled—all the fine modelling, the true Chantry touches, have disappeared—and dimples and eyes are choked with the rubbish of a loaded and unskilful brush. Then, the arrangement is pretty generally condemned: for some of the best busts, it is said, are down in the catacombs, and others of an inferior character in commanding places. The bust of Lord Melbourne, for instance, which Chantry never modelled is here of course in a conspicuous position; and the bust of Nollekens—an admirable effort—is stowed away in one of the Cockerell-catacombs. The pedestals on which the statues are placed are all too low; and any one who recollects the models in the studio will—so the complaint runs—be grievously disappointed at seeing their final resting-place.

From Rome, we learn that our sculptor Wyatt is occupied on works which will increase his already European reputation. Macdonald is progressing with the statue of Eurycleid for Lord Ward.

The Paris papers mention that the grave-diggers of Jony-en-Arbonne, in the department of the Meuse, have turned up, in the cemetery of that parish, from a depth of about fifty centimetres, two ancient statues, of magnificent sculpture, representing the Annunciation of the Virgin. Unluckily, they have suffered some injury from the pick-axe in the process of extraction.

We learn with pleasure the rapid improvement which is making in the condition and prospects of the Sheffield School of Design. If we remember rightly, this is one of those institutions which figured least promisingly in Mr. Poynter's report of his general inspection to the Government; the master-manufacturers of the town not having lent that support to the school on which the success of these establishments must more than on anything else depend—as they are, in fact, the class who must ultimately profit by them most. In this and other respects there has been important progress since Mr. Poynter reported. Lord Morpeth presided a week or two ago at the Annual General Meeting of the governors, officers, pupils, and friends of the institution; when the report stated that the classes for whose express advantage the school was originally founded, viz. those engaged in the staple manufactures of the town, had arrived at a full appreciation of its objects. The pupils attending the evening class have increased, under the new master, from 46 in the previous year, to 74 in the present,—and if taken on the average of the last six months only, the number would be 90. For between 40 and 50 then on the books, there are now 180. Classes are being established—a lending library has been sent down by

Government—the grant has been increased from 1500. to 2000.—and further accommodation has become absolutely necessary for the expanding figure of the institution. Mr. Mitchell, the master, received the thanks of the meeting for the energy which has done so much for the prosperity of the school.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MARYLEBONE.—Mrs. Warner's ambition evidently aims at the highest mark. Judging from her selection of dramas already made, she purposes to perform only the best plays. 'The Winter's Tale,' 'The Hunchback,' and now 'The School for Scandal' bear witness to this principle of action. The last was produced on Thursday with the costliest appointments, and acted throughout with admirable propriety. Mrs. Warner looked *Lady Teazle* admirably, and played it with taste. Mr. Harvey in *Sir Peter Teazle* was more than respectable—in some scenes effective, though his general style is mechanical. He fully understands the business of the scene however,—and had accurately conceived the character. Mr. Graham was the *Joseph* and Mr. G. Vining the *Charles Surface*. Both acted well. Mr. Webb's *Crabtree* was of indisputable merit. From the enthusiasm with which this revival was received, it is likely, we think, to have a considerable run.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Mr. Marston's 'Patrician's Daughter' was repeated on Thursday, with nearly the usual cast, to a full house.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—The tragedy of 'Macbeth,' set free from Lock's music and lyrical interpolations, and with a restoration of usually omitted scenes and passages, is in rehearsal at Sadler's Wells Theatre. The number of *Weird Sisters* will be reduced to their original three; and the great drama performed as nearly as may be with the simplicity with which it was acted under the direction of Shakspeare himself.

The Haymarket and the Lyceum will, it is stated, re-open for the season on the 2nd of October,—and the Princess's at the end of the present month. Some changes in the company at the last-named theatre are noticed. Miss Emmeline Montague is to succeed Mrs. Stirling, and Mr. Neville is to replace Mr. Granby. Mrs. R. Gordon, Miss Cooper, and Mr. Conway are, it is said, engaged.—Capt. Addison having surrendered his intention of becoming the lessee of the Olympic, that theatre is again in the market.

In Paris, a new piece, 'Le Fils du Diable,' in twelve acts, has been produced at the Ambigu Comique,—taking five hours in the performance. It is an adaptation of a *Feuilleton* which appeared in the 'Époque'—and by the original author, Mr. Paul Féval.

MISCELLANEA

Paris Academy of Sciences.—Sept. 6.—M. Serres read a paper on the external use of the black sulphuret of mercury in typhus fever. The author states that it has been used with excellent effect.—A letter was received from M. Goibourt, giving an account of a meteor which was perceived at Paris, by himself and several other persons, on the night of the 19th ult. It was visible for six or seven seconds, but was without a luminous train.—A paper was received from M. Napoli, of Naples, on an improvement in the preparation of phosphorus for chemical and other uses. He states that if phosphorus, in bottles, be exposed to the light of the sun, it becomes red, and no longer covers itself with the milky and opaque coating that it has in its ordinary state. After this exposure it undergoes no change; and, if it be kept in water for several months, gives out no portion of its properties to the liquid in which it lies.—M. Reboulleau laid before the Academy a sample of an arsenide of copper, of a beautiful blue colour, which he thinks would be fully equal in painting to the best blues known. The arsenide of copper, which is obtained by precipitating a soluble salt of copper by an alkaline arsenide, is generally a very pale greenish blue. M. Reboulleau promises to communicate to the Academy his mode of operation when he shall have completed his experiment as to the proportion of the elements to be employed.

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Electric Telegraph Extension.—A glance at the Telegraph Map which this month accompanies Bradshaw's Railway Guide "reveals a few rather curious facts as to the telegraphic accommodation and wants of the country. To the south of London, Dover and Ramsgate on the one side, and Portsmouth and Southampton on the other, are the ports to which this agency of instant communication has been extended. All the towns and seaports between these two districts, including Chichester, Shoreham, Brighton, and Hastings, are without it. To Dorchester it is being extended by the London and South-Western Railway from Southampton. The counties of Cornwall, Somerset, Devon, and parts of Dorset and Wilts, as well as the large tract of country between Bristol, Salisbury, and Dorchester, present a perfect blank as regards the means of telegraph despatch, if we except the few miles between Exeter and Teignmouth, where the wires are laid down and in operation. They are being extended to Plymouth, *via* Totnes, in connection with the same line. But the most remarkable blank in the whole map is that presented by Wales, the entire Principality, north and south, not being able to boast of one solitary line of telegraph. Throughout the entire district to the north-west of Birmingham the telegraph system is seen in a state of incompleteness, the only exception being that along the Preston and Wyre Railway, and the newly-finished telegraph between Manchester and Leeds. However, at no distant day the whole of this railway district will possess an efficient telegraphic machinery, bringing Liverpool, Manchester, Chester, Warrington, and Stafford, into instantaneous communication, as regards the transmission of important news, with the metropolis, and the greater part of England, as well as with Scotland. The parts of the country shown to be best provided with railway telegraphs are those directly north of London—more particularly the numerous undertakings in connection with the Eastern Counties Railway, and (after passing the gap between Northampton and Rugby) the Midland and cognate lines, proceeding northwards to Derby, Sheffield, Wakefield, York, Leeds, Hull, Scarborough, &c. as well as the entire north rail between York and Berwick-upon-Tweed, *via* Newcastle. Into Scotland the telegraph is carried by the North British and Edinburgh and Glasgow lines to Glasgow, at which points it terminates, and between which and London, a present distance by rail of 470 miles, the telegraph is in working order, with the slight break at Rugby, before noticed, and which is hastening to completion. The laying of a line of wires along the London and North-Western Railway to Liverpool and Manchester will be the work of a very short time from this date; and as anxious heads of families are the dominant power in the railway kingdom, we may take it for granted that a national system of telegraphs will not be considered complete which does not comprehend Gretna Green. The extension of the wires beyond Carlisle leads us, therefore, to anticipate their ultimate elongation in a north-westerly direction as far as Glasgow, simultaneously with the completion of the Caledonian Railway, which will give to the manufacturing metropolis of Scotland a double means of electric correspondence with London and the south.—*Daily News*.

De Lamartine's 'Girondins'.—Lynn, Sept.—In reading your critique on the last volume of M. de Lamartine's 'History of the Girondins, you remark, I observe, that on the death of Buzot and Pétion, the Girondins may be said to have become extinct. This, I think, was not literally the case. Louvet—who left them and struck into the high road for Paris—survived the Reign of Terror; and reappeared upon the scene in better days. The same may be said, I believe, of five others of less note—viz. Kervélegan, Larjainia, Henri Larivière, Lesage and La Révellière-Lépaux. PHILIP WILSON.

Self-supporting Agricultural Schools.—Sir, Some six or eight years since [*Athen. Nos.* 721, 883] much interest was excited at the meetings of the British Association, by accounts furnished by Mrs. Gilbert, the widow of the late President of the Royal Society, of several self-supporting agricultural schools which she had established in the neighbourhood of East-bourn, Sussex. The interest thus awakened was kept alive from meeting to meeting, by further reports of triumphant success, and proofs of profit to landlord, schoolmaster, and all concerned. Having occasion lately to visit Sussex, I resolved to go over to Willingden, where the most celebrated of these schools was situated, and see and judge for myself. What, then, was my surprise to find that the school

—a self-supporting school, be it observed—had been given up by Mrs. Gilbert herself some three or four years since, and the school and the premises attached to it had been sold by her son and successor! Now, surely, here is a wrong one way or the other. Year after year the public were informed that Mrs. Gilbert had made a great discovery; that a new moral agent had been introduced into our agricultural districts, profitably to the landlord and beneficially to the labourer;—in brief, that spade husbandry, cows stall-fed, little boys, and a penny a week, had worked miracles. If these reports were true, the breaking up of the school, and selling the improved land at, of course, an improved price, were somewhat hard usage for the poor schoolmaster. If they were not true, then I submit that the lady or her son were bound to have given public notice that they had been deceived or deceived themselves; and not have allowed persons to travel down into this obscure corner of the civilized world in search of a humbug, or to start projects on the faith of Mrs. Gilbert's statement, which Mrs. Gilbert knew could only end in disappointment. I hope that the publication of this letter may elicit the truth from some one.—D.—*Daily News*.

Holland.—M. J. Swart has addressed to the *Asterdamse Courant* the following communication:—"According to the advices transmitted by the commission for the improvement of the East Indian charts, Lieutenant the Baron N. Gransneb Tengnagel has recently discovered in the Batavian roadstead a sunken rock hitherto unknown. This rock is situated at the west of the Isle of Onrust, to the south 1° east, and the *balise* of the rock Mathildas, south 43° east. When the waters are low there are but 3 fathoms of water above the rock and 6½ fathoms around it." If this statement be compared with the chart of the Batavian roadstead published by the commission for the improvement of marine charts, it will be found that the said rock is situated between the islands of Schiedam and Rotterdam and the Isle of Onrust, to the north of the north-eastern point of the last-named.

Pneumatic Process for Sinking Piles, &c.—This process, for which Dr. Potts, of Buckingham Street, some time back obtained patents and also the patronage of the Lords of the Admiralty and the Trinity Board, is of such importance in all cases where submarine foundations are to be formed, that everybody interested in scientific pursuits, and the success of those who have devoted their talents and labours to useful improvements, will be desirous of knowing something of the principle and manner of the invention. It is simply the application of the pneumatic process to the sinking of tubular iron piles. A hollow iron pile is placed upon the surface through which it is required to be sunk; by means of an air pump it is rendered a vacuum. This being effected, the sand, shingle, soil, water, &c., rush into it from the bottom, and as they rush in the pile descends by its own weight into the cavity left by their ascent. The sand, shingle, soil and water, are then discharged from the pile by an apparatus for pumping; a fresh vacuum is formed, and the pile sinks further and further. A series of these piles are sunk, which may be filled with chalk, wood, or concrete, as the case may be, and tied together by bolts and nuts by some similar contrivance, and the foundation of a sea wall, or the foundation of a lighthouse, pier, or breakwater, effectually formed. The process has been tried in the Goodwin Sands, and has been found to answer admirably. The rapidity with which the piles are sunk is very surprising. More is done in an hour by the air pump and a hollow iron tube than can be performed in a day, or even in a week, by the common method of driving a wooden pile with the weight called the "monkey." The invention is equally applicable to foundations for railways and bridges, and, indeed, in all places where wooden piles are required. The public are very much indebted to the inventor of this novel system for the aid he has afforded to practical science and engineering.—*Times*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—S. S.—P. W.—A Reader.—P.—S. B.—F. N.—T. R.—H. W. H.—G. L. H.—received.
T. P.—We do not insert the suggestion of our correspondent, for the simple reason that nothing will do in the matter to which it refers excepting sequences of observations made in one place. There would be changes in some places and continuations in others.

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Annual Premiums with Profits.

Age 20	Age 25	Age 30	Age 35	Age 40	Age 45	Age 50	Age 55
£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.
10 11 9	12 9 7	15 12 6	18 5 9	21 3 6	24 10 6	28 15 7	32 6

Annuitants of all kinds, as well as Endowments for Children, are granted by the Society.

The usual commission allowed to Solicitors and others.

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30, Regent-street, London. Established 1806.
ESTABLISHED CAPITAL, £1,300,000.
Annual Income, £119,000. Bonuses Declared, £299,000.
Claims paid since the establishment of the Office, £1,320,000.

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1. The Rates of Premium are those adopted by the principal Life Offices; the rate without Bonus is lower than that of most other offices.
2. The Bonuses are added to the Policies, or applied to the reduction of the Premiums, or may be received in cash as soon as desired, at their then present value.
3. Loans are granted upon the Policies issued by this Office, or the Policies are purchased at their full value.
4. If a party neglect to pay for the renewal of his Policy, he may renew the omission any time within 18 months, upon proof of good health.

Bonuses paid upon Policies which have become Claims.

Life Insured.	Sum Insured.	Sum Paid.
John Wharton, Esq. Skelton Castle	5,000	7,706 6 0
Mr. John Saunders Eschrig, Bart...	5,000	7,653 13 3
Mr. William Wake, Bart.	5,000	7,260 5 9
Mr. J. H. Champneys, Canterbury	5,000	7,128 15 8
Mr. J. W. Champneys, Canterbury	5,000	4,509 1 1
Mr. J. W. Champneys, Canterbury	5,000	5,411 1 3
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Prospectuses and full particulars may be obtained upon application to the Agents of the Office, in all the principal towns of the United Kingdom and at the head Office, No. 30, Regent-street.

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Fourthly, or 80 per cent. of the Profits will be assigned to Policies every fifth year, and may be applied to increase the sum insured, to an immediate payment in cash, or to the reduction and ultimate extinction of future premiums, as shown in the following example:

Profits to Policies of 5 years' standing, entitled to participate in the Bonus declared in 1884.

Age at Entry.	Sum Insured.	Annual Premium.	Bonus added.	Cash paid on surrender of Bonus.	Or Premium reduced to	And Annual Return of
£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.
10	1000	19 5 10	451 5 0	174 12 3	8 6 9	...
20	1000	21 15 10	451 5 0	183 12 2	8 15 0	...
30	1000	26 14 2	451 5 0	236 18 7	7 10 5	...
40	1000	33 19 2	451 5 0	384 0 6	4 9 8	...
50	1000	45 6 2	451 5 0	584 12 1
60	1000	63 12 4	451 5 0	884 12 5

Prospectuses and an explanatory statement of other advantages given by this Company, may be had at the Chief Office, as above; at the Branch Office, 16, Pall Mall; or of the Agents.

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PREMIUMS are received yearly, half-yearly, or quarterly, or in one payment, or in equal annual payments, for a limited number of years, or upon an increasing or decreasing scale; or only one half of the premium may be paid, for a term to be agreed upon.
BONUS—Two Thirds of the Profits are added to the Policies, and One Third to the Capital, which thus forms a perpetually increasing Guarantee Fund.
RIGHT of Policy-holders of 500*l.* and upwards to vote at the general meetings of the Proprietors,—two of the Auditors being always Policy-holders.
AGENCY—The Directors continue to appoint to the Agency of the Company, upon application from competent persons; and a Special Commission is allowed to the local profession.
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20	£1 10 0	40	£3 12 6	60	£6 10 0
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20	30	40	50	60
£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.
1 12 0	2 1 5	3 15 7	4 11 1	6 5 3

TABLE NO. II. WITH PARTICIPATION IN PROFITS.

20	30	40	50	60
£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.
1 18 2	2 6 5	3 3 7	4 10 3	6 13 0

Assurances on Joint Lives and Survivorships, Deferred Annuities, and Endowments for Children, are granted, and Reversions and Life Interests are purchased on liberal terms.

The following are among the distinctive features of the Company:

1. The lowest rate of Premium consistent with security, and the payment of Policies, guaranteed by a capital of One Million.
2. Two Tables of Premiums, the one giving to the assured two-thirds of the profits of this department of the Company's business.
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Each Pen is warranted to stand the test of continual use for many years; and as they are the nearest approach to the quill for freedom, it is presumed that they will be found the cheapest of all Pens, and ensure a uniform appearance of the writing.

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SINCE JOHN STIVENS & Co. first introduced this pleasant and wholesome commodity, there have been a host of spurious imitations forced upon the public. The Original Green-Ginger Wine, so many years celebrated for its superlative excellence, can be obtained through the medium of all respectable Shopkeepers.

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